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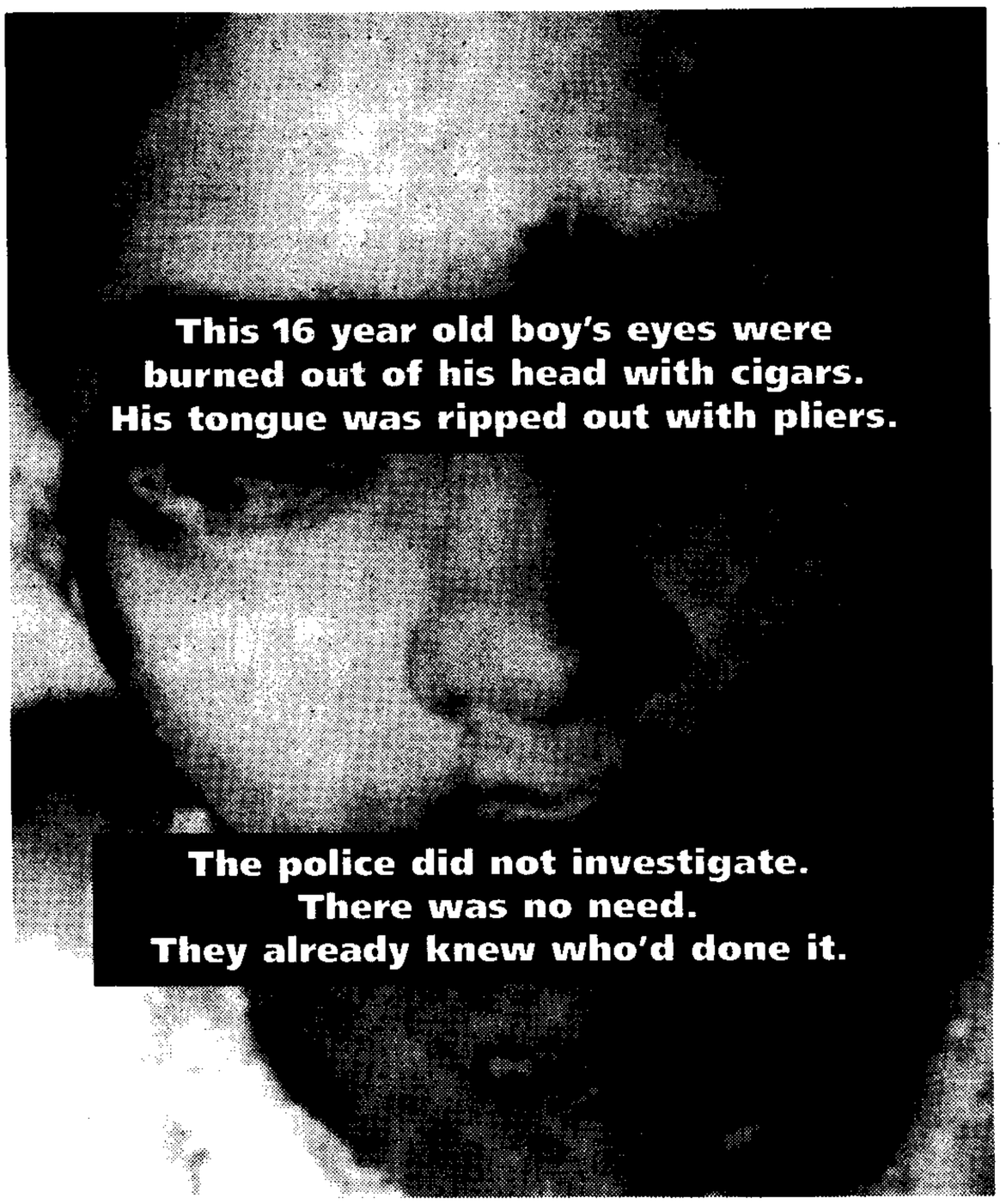
Phew! What a Magazine!

The High Court has just upheld a decision to ban Amnesty from launching appeals on the radio and TV on the grounds that our objectives are 'political'. But can trying to save lives and stop suffering ever be political? Gagging Amnesty comforts the killers and torturers. More than ever their victims need your help.

PHOTOGRAPH: AMNESTY ARCHIVE.


This 16 year old boy's eyes were
burned out of his head with cigars.
His tongue was ripped out with pliers.
The police did not investigate.
There was no need.
They already knew who'd done it.

It's time to face the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth.

AMNESTY INTERNATIONAL BRITISH SECTION

Listen on 0990 100550. Our banned radio appeal is 2 minutes long. The full recording includes a personal message from John Hurt. It is 3 minutes long. Your call is charged at national rates.

Suppose children's bodies began turning up in British parks, hideously mutilated, and the police seemed to be doing nothing about it. Wouldn't you want the killers caught, and caught quickly?

Would your wish be in any way political?

Maybe you're surprised we even ask such a question, but let's continue.

Suppose you now learn that it is the police themselves who are killing and torturing the children. What would you do?

(Okay, you're no firebrand, but let's assume you would do *something*.)

If you wrote a polite letter of protest to the police commissioner, would you be acting politically?

Now suppose it emerges that government politicians, for political, ideological or other unguessable reasons, had sanctioned the killing and torture of these children.

Does this make everything alright? Should you now shut up? And if you still call for the murders to stop and the killers to be brought to trial, are you indulging in politics?

These murders are real.

It seems ludicrous to ask such questions. But take a good look at this picture. We don't want to shock or revolt people, but we are publishing it now so that the world can see, without any doubt, what sort of 'politics' our work is about. We are sorry if it disgusts you. But these murders are real.

A child tortured to death.

In the country where this teenage boy was so horribly tortured before he was killed, such deaths are not uncommon.

But Amnesty's not commenting upon the politics of the government whose policemen stubbed their cigars out in his eyes and used pliers to rip his tongue from his throat.

Their politics are not the issue.

We just want them to stop killing and torturing.

The forgotten prisoner.

In a prison across the world from the park where the child's corpse was found, a

Amnesty International works worldwide for the release of prisoners of conscience, fair trials for political prisoners and an end to torture, extrajudicial executions, 'disappearances' and the death penalty. For more information and to find out about your local group, please contact Amnesty's British Section on 0171-814 6200.

man lay in a prison cell, his body a patchwork of bruises and burns, his back raw and oozing pus where the skin was stripped off when he was dragged naked across a concrete yard.

He had been beaten up, whipped and had savage shocks from an electric baton thrust into his mouth, his eyes and his anus.

We called for the torture to stop and for the man to be released. Was our motive political?

Why we loathe politics.

The two governments involved are at opposite ends of the political spectrum, but when we protest about what they are doing, both accuse us of playing politics.

One lot claim we are left wing agitators, the other that we are stooges of capitalism.

Neither seems capable of realis-ing that we don't give a damn about their politics. We just want them to stop killing and torturing.

There are 166 member states of the United Nations. Each one has signed the UN Universal Declaration of Human Rights. In our 1995 Annual Report, we had cause to criticise 151 of them.

The crimes committed in the last 12 months by governments against their own peoples include mass murder, political killings, rape, torture, beatings, imprisonment without trial, intimidation, the use of 'death squads' and 'disappearances'.

In most cases, governments broke their own laws. They certainly broke the promise they made to protect their citizens' human rights when they signed the UN Charter.

If governments, who should protect their peoples' human rights, are themselves the abusers, who will speak up for the victims?

Amnesty must not be gagged.

By any reasonable definition, Amnesty is not a politically motivated organisation.

Our aims are humanitarian.

But it would seem that under British law, *criticism of any government* can be deemed political. It also appears that Amnesty is 'political' because we sometimes *campaign for governments to obey their own laws.*

But big companies campaign to have laws changed in their favour. As we know, they pay lobbyists and even MPs to represent their views. Nobody suggests they should be denied the right to advertise on radio and TV.

Finding against us, Lord Justice Kennedy said, *'There are other rights to be protected, such as freedom from being virtually forced to listen to unsolicited information of a contentious kind.'*

What's contentious about genocide in Rwanda, the facts are not in dispute. Gagging Amnesty helps nobody but the killers.

If Amnesty objects really can be defined as wholly or mainly 'political' under the current law, then the law is wrong and should be changed.

Please help us fight back.

Let's be very blunt. We work to help the innocent victims of injustice. We will not allow politics and politicians to stop us.

Look again at the picture. Does it make you angry?

Do you want to stop these atrocities?

If not, what hope is there for our so-called civilisation? As Edmund Burke said, 'All that is needed for the triumph of evil is that good men do nothing.'

If you are shocked and outraged, please, whatever else you do, don't just read this and turn over.

This is not, repeat not, just another advertisement. For thousands of people, it is a matter of life and death.

In this very instant, as your eyes pass across these words, innocent people all over the world are facing prison, torture and death.

Joining Amnesty is the most effective way you can help them.

Please do it today.

The bodies of children were found in a park in the capital city of a certain country. They had been horribly tortured before they died. Witnesses claimed that the people who did it were police officers. Around the world, hundreds of children are killed every year. If Amnesty did not protest, who would?

You can join in the work of Amnesty. Just by joining you are helping to fund our research and publications. You can become part of the Urgent Action network, writing letters on behalf of prisoners. Or join an Amnesty local group and work with others on various Amnesty projects.

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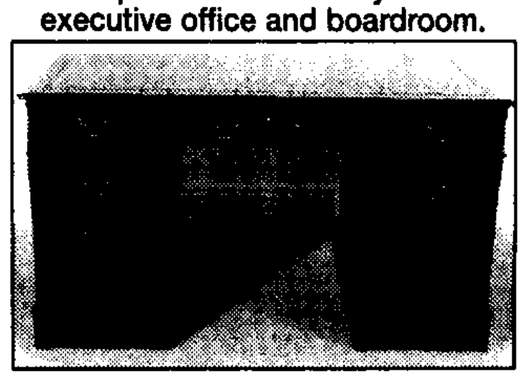

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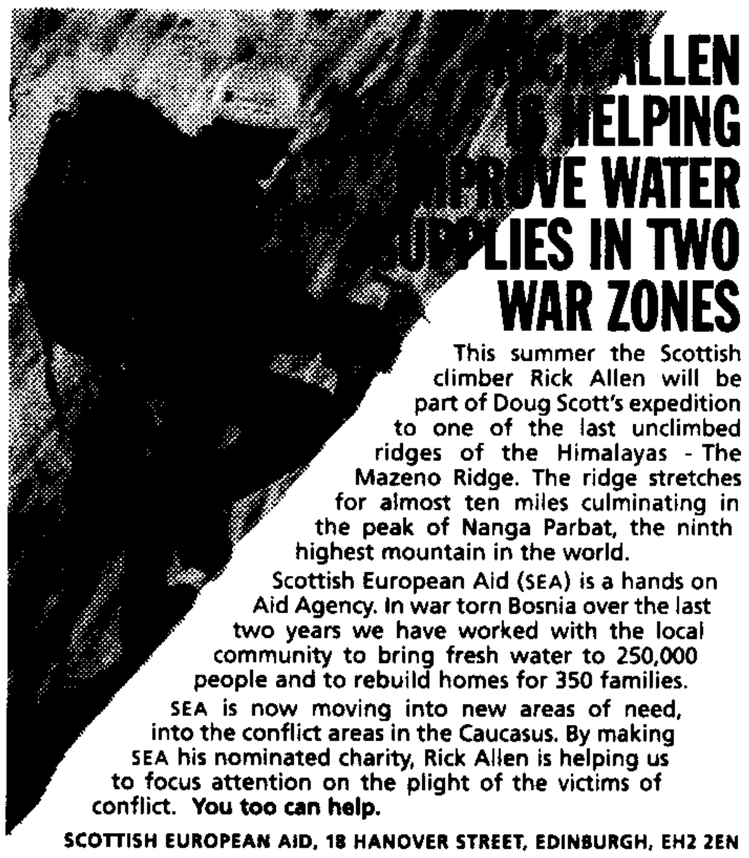

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Scottish European Aid (SEA) is a hands on Aid Agency. In war torn Bosnia over the last two years we have worked with the local community to bring fresh water to 250,000 people and to rebuild homes for 350 families.

SEA is now moving into new areas of need, into the conflict areas in the Caucasus. By making SEA his nominated charity, Rick Allen is helping us to focus attention on the plight of the victims of conflict. **You too can help.**

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Gnome

I AM deeply distressed by the suggestion that I acted improperly in receiving £2 million from the British taxpayer in order not to set fire to ancient woodlands at Gnome Hall.

My plan to replace this worthless mediaeval forest, home to a few hundreds of species of supposedly interesting trees and birds, with a ten-tier 30-acre car park has been roundly attacked by ill-informed and envious trouble-makers.

However, my decision to refrain from felling the trees in return for this paltry cheque is a truly public-spirited gesture and is small compensation for the huge revenue that would have accrued from the Gnomebourne Multiplex Car-O-Rama (with space for over 200,000 vehicles).

My personal friendship with the Prime Minister is as irrelevant as it is relevant *(shurely 'mendacious'? E.S?).*

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COLOUR SECTION

WHEN Cecil Parkinson embarked on electricity privatisation in 1989, he issued from his department of energy a glowing prospect: "Individuals will be able to acquire shares in their local electricity supplier. This will give them a direct stake in, and influence on, the industry."

What rot. Hanson is now poised to take over Eastern Electricity, and any simpleminded shareholder who thinks he or she is going to influence the way Hanson behaves is in for a big surprise.

The deal was done with the agreement of the self-made millionaires of Eastern Electricity — self-made because they decided on their own share options.

It also presumably enjoyed the approval of N.M. Rothschild, the merchant bank that played a major role in privatising electricity as the government's adviser and now advises both Hanson *and* Eastern Electricity and employs as directors Lord (John) Wakeham (who took over privatisation when Parkinson fell down on the job), and James Smith, chairman of Eastern Electricity. But the City is at pains to stress that Rothschild was kept at a distance from the negotiations, almost suggesting something murky was going on.

The effect of a Hanson takeover is that, even if we had a regulator who meant business, it would be impossible for him to find out what the real costs were because of the complexity of Hanson's activities. But Professor Stephen Littlechild argues that once competition arrives, no one will be able to take advantage of the customer. Unless, of course, they came to formal or informal price-fixing understandings with one another.

AFTER the department of trade and industry (DTI) decision — predicted here a month ago — to abandon any defence after being sued for libel by TV journalist Martyn Gregory and to stump up £55,000 damages and costs, what will become of the ministry of defence police threat to prosecute Gregory?

As also reported in the *Eye*, he was interviewed under caution about his Channel Four interview with British Aerospace employees, who boasted that they could sell (and had sold) electro-shock batons, export of which is illegal. Gregory was told that because he had handled one of the batons proudly shown him by a BAe salesman, he could be charged with illegally importing it.

The *Eye* predicts there will be no prosecution. One reason could be a conflict of interest in the MoD police. Not all the wages of this separate police force are paid by the ministry, which tells the *Eye* that where special services are provided "the normal payment arrangements apply".

Pressed to say whether British Aerospace pays for the substantial security services provided for it by the MoD police, the spokeswoman agreed that it does. Some juries might not take kindly to prosecution of an investigative journalist on the basis of inquiries by a police force which is paid at least in part by the company the journalist was investigating.

PROBABLY the most important person in the battle for the most lucrative transport contract of the age, the Channel Tunnel rail link, is Julia Prescot of Hill Samuel.

Hill Samuel (see last *Eye*) is advising the government on the project, and Prescot is a member of the small and select panel which recommends to the government which company should get the contract.

Most unfairly, jealous observers point to the fact that Hongkong and Shanghai bank, one of the members of the Eurorail consortium, is also a client at Hill Samuel. In fact, Julia Prescot has just as close connections to Eurorail's competitor, London and Continental.

Mark Bostock of engineers Ove Arup (a leading spirit in London and Continental) is a personal client of Hill Samuel and a personal friend of George Gonzor, who works closely with Julia Prescot at Hill Samuel. Thus when Prescot proposed at the second meeting of the advisory panel that a shortlist of two (Eurorail and London Continental) should be drawn up at once she was being absolutely even-handed between two of her bank's clients.

THE reason for the latest announcement of yet another delay in publication of the Scott report is the collective apoplexy engulfing HM customs.

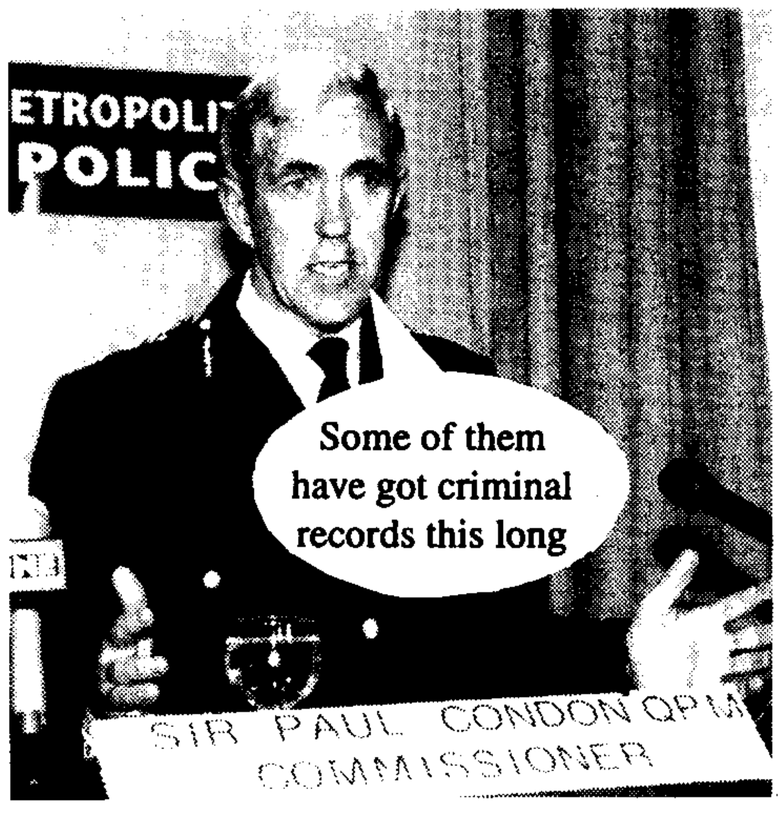
Customs, which has just received Sir Richard Scott's findings on its role in the Matrix Churchill case and connected matters, is shocked rigid by the judge's uncompromising tone. It has demanded, and got, an extension of the usual time to reply.

One interesting casualty of the customs section of the report is a minister who up to now has not been on the "Scott risk list". She is Gillian Shephard, who attended the Commons trade and industry select committee on supergun on 26 February as the treasury minister responsible for customs and excise.

Her presence had been angrily demanded by committee members who had been contemptuously snubbed by two senior customs officers, chairman Sir Brian Unwin and director Mr Alexander Russell. They had insisted at a previous session of the committee that they were not obliged to reveal to the MPs any information they had got as a result of a customs investigation. This meant effectively they did not tell the MPs anything important about their dubious role in the supergun affair.

When Mrs Shephard, then a treasury minister, appeared, she said very little except that she stood by HM customs in every particular and was not in the least critical of its refusal to provide the House with the information it needed. Sir Richard Scott has been particularly irritated by civil servants who sought to hide information from parliament, especially when they were supported by ministers. Customs and excise and its good Shephard are unlikely to be seen by him as exceptions.

OLD EYE COVERS REVISITED



Street of Shame

THE *Daily Mirror*'s acting editor, Brendan "Chucky" Parsons, was horrified when photographs of John Major, in swimming trunks, and wife Norma, in fetching orange bikini, landed on his computer screen. The long lens photos, taken without the Majors' consent at their French holiday villa, would be a blatant breach of the PCC guidelines on privacy, he decided.

It was an opinion shared by other papers, none of which ran the offending pictures. But what bewildered Chucky's colleagues was why he was so "responsible" over the Major photos when, just three days earlier, he had splashed the far more offensive sneak pictures of crippled *Superman* actor Christopher Reeve — sitting in his wheelchair, wired up to a respirator — all over pages one, two and three of the *Mirror*.

The text surrounding the Reeve pictures was written in a cloying, Mills & Boon style clearly meant to con readers into thinking the photos had been taken with his full permission. "No one can fail to be moved by today's pictures of actor Christopher Reeve," an accompanying editorial gushed.

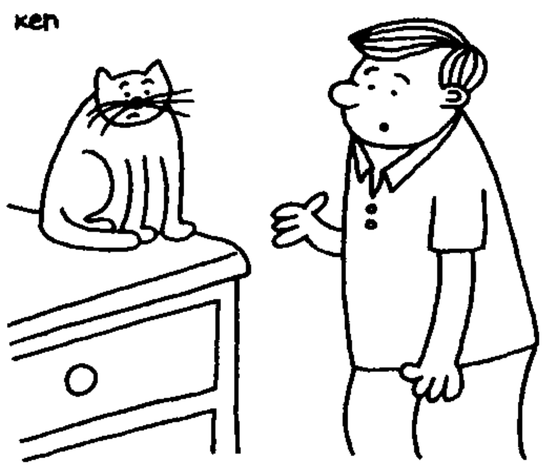
The next day Chucky couldn't resist using all the photos again, this time on the pretext of carrying an interview with the doctor treating Reeve. Again the impression was given that Reeve and his family were cooperating with the tawdry *Mirror*.

In fact the interview was largely lifted from the previous week's edition of an American magazine, *People*. But the *People* article had not carried any photographs, at the request of Reeve and his medical team.

Interestingly the *News of the World* had apparently agreed to buy a set of similar pictures which had appeared in American sleaze-sheet the *National Inquirer* three days before the *Mirror*'s snatch squad sneaked into the grounds of New Jersey's Kessler Institute to take their photos. But the *Screws* pulled out of the £50,000 deal when Piers Morgan had second thoughts about the wisdom of incurring another bollocking from the PCC (and the Dirty Digger) so soon after his abject apology for running pictures of Countess Spencer at an alcohol clinic.

As it happens "Chucky" Parsons was also in charge of the *Mirror* a few weeks ago when the paper reported on Earl Spencer's complaint against the *News of the Screws* — a story the half-witted Parsons illustrated by buying the offending *Screws* photo and running it alongside the *Mirror*'s story. The paper then had to apologise to the PCC in the most abject terms for Chucky's clanger.

If the PCC is to prove it has any teeth, perhaps its chairman Lord Wakeham should ask David "Rommel" Montgomery to justify his shameless flouting of the privacy guidelines. At the moment the *Mirror* is cynically gambling on Reeve simply being too sick to fire off a complaint of his own.



"What do you think? Is there a God? Are we here for some purpose? Or is life ultimately meaningless?"

GOOD news about *Daily Star* hack Alexander Hitchen, son of former *Star* editor Brian "Mussolini" Hitchen.

In *Eye* 873 we revealed that freebie-loving Alexander had sent an urgent memo to the paper's travel editor, Brian O'Hanlon, begging "please could you find me somewhere hot to go between 17 July and 31 July".

Alas nothing could be arranged in time. But the story has a happy ending: Rosamund Bern, a travel PR merchant, sent a memo to O'Hanlon recently with the glad tidings that "Alexander and his lady friend" would be accommodated gratis at a luxury hotel in Tunisia for the first two weeks of August. "The people there are very kind," she added, "and will look after Alexander very well."

Alexander's dad is forever denouncing "spongers" and "scroungers" in his *Sunday Express* column. Clearly his son has a more liberal attitude.

NOT everyone at the *Indescribablyboring* was appalled to find the rag in the embrace of the *Mirror*'s David Montgomery.

Undistinguished hack Colin Hughes had been "promoted" by the old regime to editorial manager — a paper-clips job which got him out of the news operation. When Rommel took over, *Hughes*less knew his moment had come: he enthusiastically carried out his new master's orders, sacking hacks and slashing budgets and expenses.

When dour steam train enthusiast Ian Jack quit the editorship of the *Dependant on Sunday* to edit *Granta* Hughes was assured by Rommel he was first in line for Jack's job. But senior *Sindie* hacks made it clear they would resign en masse if Hughes got it, so Jack's deputy, Peter Wilby, was appointed instead.

This kick from his master did not lessen *Hughes*less's appetite for toadying. Last month he sacked more than 40 daily and Sunday hacks on Rommel's orders, including "names" such as Isabel Hilton, Blake Morrison, Cal McCrystal and Irving Wardle. *Indie* magazine writer Amanda Mitchison was in hospital in the eighth month of a dangerous pregnancy, so Hughes visited her bedside to deliver her "termination" in person.

Not all departing hacks were sad to go. One who had long made it plain she wanted to leave if a suitably large payout could be arranged was *Indie* arts sub Sandra Smith — Mrs Colin Hughes.

FORMER *Grauniad* editor Peter Preston is finding it hard to settle into his new role as editor-in-chief. The stress is showing in the meandering, incomprehensible columns he has been writing for the paper.

Several readers wrote in to ask what on earth one of these was about (28th July — something to do with the Bomb). This set a poser for the features staff: should they print anti-Preston correspondence? They showed him the pile of mail, hoping he might allow some of it into the letters-to-the-editor page. It was not to be. He scooped them all up and ambled away, murmuring: "I shall reply to these personally."

■ Meanwhile, at the *Observer*, Preston has been overseeing a round of belt-tightening now that the merger with the *Grauniad* hasn't produced — surprise, surprise — the promised economies of scale.

But whose was face was not present at the recent chapel meeting to discuss new moves to axe staff through an appraisal system? It couldn't possibly have been that of assistant editor Sarah Baxter? "Ginny", as hacks have started calling supposed Bottomley lookalike Baxter, is in a typical quandary. On the one hand she is "management", and on the other she is the red-hot former Spartist and ex-political editor of the *New Statesman*, who once claimed that "bosses are for breaking".

■ New editor Andrew Jaspan has also been the subject of much laughter at the *Observer* when hacks heard that his company bicycle had been vandalised: the universal assumption was that it had been an "inside job".

Jaspan has been making yet more enemies following his recent attempt to limit the outside activities of political columnist Andrew Rawnsley (he also presents Channel 4's *A Week in Politics*).

The latest victim of "Jaspan and Brush" is John Sweeney, one of the paper's leading feature writers. He informed Jaspan as a matter of courtesy that he was presenting BBC2's *What the Papers Say* that week, only to be told that he would have to cancel his appearance and concentrate his energies on working for the *Observer*. No point in any free publicity for the ailing title, after all.

Private I-I-I!

THIS ISSUE'S rundown of the nation's most self-obsessed columnists, based on the number of incidences of the word "I" per column-inch.

		Ego Rating
1	Bob Monkhouse (D. Express 27/7)	4.18
2	Ryan Giggs (D. Express 5/8)	3.09
3	Zoë Heller (Sunday Times 6/8)	2.25
4	Barbara Toner (Mail On Sunday 30/7)	2.22
5	Simon Callow (Sunday Times 6/8)	1.61
6	Melanie McFadyean (Guardian 1/8)	1.47
7	Matthew Bond (Times 5/8)	1.44
8	Bernard Levin (Times 1/8)	1.07
9	Nigel Williams (Daily Telegraph 31/7)	1.00
10	W.F. Deedes (Daily Telegraph 31/7)	0.95

Bubblin' under: Roy Hattersley, David Aaronovitch, Magnus Linklater, Tony Blair.

IS Mauritius a sun-kissed paradise isle or a jackbooted police state? Depends what slant the *Daily Mail* wants to put on its story.

One confused Saturday last month a gushing travel piece by Steve "Stephanie" Meacham drooled: "This is an island to savour at a strolling pace. It's a place to relax, to recuperate; a place for honeymooners, and for the harassed to remember that it's a beautiful world in which we live."

Oops! A few pages away reporter Greg Hadfield reminded readers that judge Rajsoomer Lallah, the UN human rights official who had dared to attack Britain for releasing Private Lee Clegg, was also chief justice on Mauritius — an island "where police have repeatedly been accused by Amnesty International of beating and murdering suspects".

FUNNY how the *Daily Express* under "Sir" Nicholas Lloyd has changed its attitude to Virginia Bottomley.

Only a few weeks ago, when health secretary, the *Express*, via columnist Robert Kilroy-Silk, was calling for her to be hanged — well, hauled up at Chichester crown court anyway to explain why she couldn't find a secure psychiatric hospital bed for a violently dangerous woman. "While in court," snarled Kilroy, "perhaps she should also be charged with the deaths of those murdered as a result of her inaction or incompetence."

But that was then and this is now — and as secretary of state for national heritage, newspapers and the media and possible privacy legislation fall within her remit. Perhaps this explains the recent *arslikhan* lunch at the *Depress* headquarters at which Lloyd fawned all over her. On the day of the lunch the papers were full of yet another conviction for murder by a nutter "released" during Bottomley's reign — but there was nary a mention of it over the brandy.

Instead of lunching discredited ministers, perhaps the paper should look to its own pages. A recent spread under the title SLAUGHTER OF THE INNOCENTS movingly chronicled the short lives and tragic fates of murdered schoolboys Paul Barker and Robert Gee. Thousands of readers, as well as relatives of the victims, rang to complain how upset they were that on the same page, under the boys' photos, was an advertisement with the slogan: TOUGH LUCK BOYS!

WINNER of the silliest silly season story is the London *Evening Standard* and its series of reports on killer frogs.

The so-called invasion of the kitten-eating bullfrogs has filled many a page with giant, space-filling photographs and "amusing" features. Only one thing was missed out from the exhaustive coverage — that the rampaging killer was found in the south London back garden of one of the rag's own City hacks, Peter Krijgsman.

The Crook, The Journalist, The Telegraph, The Other Journalist, And His Mentor: The Sequel

DOES Boris "Hitman" Johnson, associate editor of the *Daily Torygraph*, have no shame?

He recently wrote a feature pontificating about "morality in these islands". He concluded that Britain "is not vastly more dangerous than hitherto".

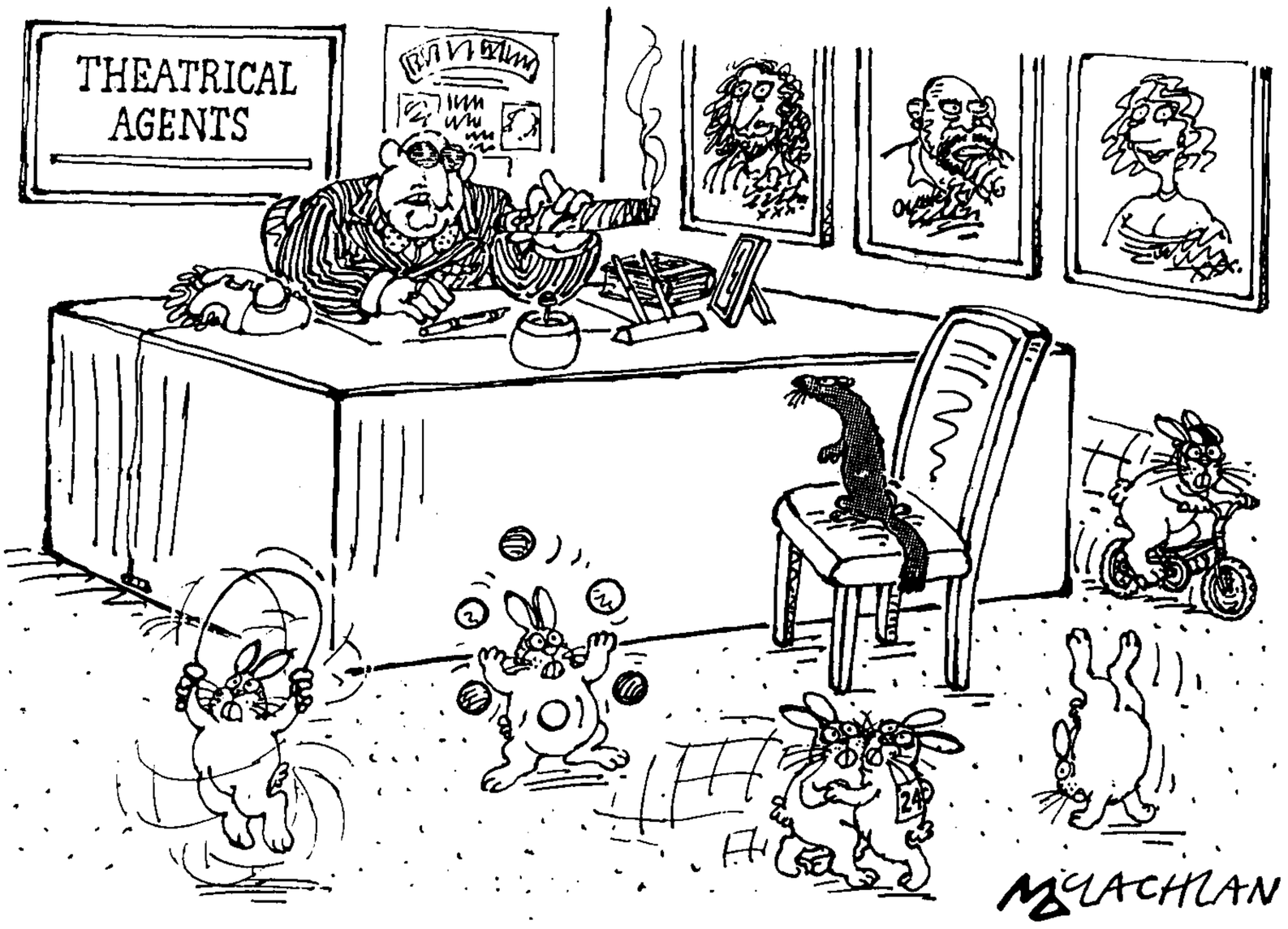
It isn't, unless Boris's friend Darius Guppy wants to beat you up, that is. Only days before the *Mail on Sunday* had run its now infamous phone call transcript of Johnson agreeing to give convicted fraudster Guppy the home address of a journalist who had been bothering him. The idea was that Guppy could then send someone round to assault the hack. "OK Darrie, I said I'll do it and I'll do it. Don't worry," said Johnson.

Guppy has refused to tell the authorities the whereabouts of his ill-gotten gains and faces two more years' jail on the Isle of Sheppey (worse than Ford open prison, where he was formerly held), but his would-be co-conspirator Johnson will no doubt continue to speak out on violance and morality.

At the *Telegraph*, meanwhile, as we reported in the last *Eye*, deputy editor Simon Heffer was not happy about being gratuitously included in the *MoS*'s exposé — especially as he is being wooed by the *Daily Mail*. Conspiracy theorists wondered if *MoS* editor Jonathan Holborow was deliberately trying to sabotage Heffer's job prospects at Associated Newspapers. But now an even more enticing conspiracy theory has emerged.

Soon after the *MoS* piece, Heffer was tipped off by a cabinet minister that the story had been published by Holborow at the behest of 10 Downing Street. John Major, a friend of Holborow, had apparently wanted revenge on Boris Johnson and Simon Heffer, both of whom had written strong anti-Major pieces in the leadership election.

Heffer's theory was strengthened when he obtained a copy of the original text of the *MoS* article in which he was nowhere mentioned. Asked whether he had inserted Heffer's name to please Major, Holborow replied: "Heffer who?" He then declared the theory to be "absolute bollocks".



"So what else do you hypnotise apart from rabbits?"

HALLO!

THE HEARTWARMING COLUMN

HALLO! TO COLORADO, rafting in the whitewater wake of Princess Diana and her boys William and Harry.

Sensibly Diana picks the Lower Roaring Fork ride, described in the brochure as "a placid and peaceful float" which is "suitable for six-year-olds". When the brochure says "six-year-olds" it isn't of course referring to employees of Mr Rupert Murdoch.

Breakfasting at Goldie Hawn's luxury ranch the next day, Diana is faxed her daily diet of articles about herself, and in *Today* is shocked to read DI-CING WITH DEATH **in which Barry Wigmore claims she put her sons at risk "in an area where 11 boaters have died in two months". The *Sun*, ("Royals' hell trip") virtually accuses her of attempted infanticide.**

Furious, Diana places a call to the FBI. Within minutes two "Feds" in dark glasses deposit a white-faced *paparazzo* called Dave Chancellor, who is believed to have been responsible for the pictures in *Today*, at Diana's borrowed ranch.

As recent events show Diana has a strange effect over seemingly sensible men, and whatever the princess said to Mr Chancellor must have been very persuasive: on rejoining the royal ratpack at the hotel he would not breathe a word of his exclusive royal interview. Indeed, he has hardly spoken since!

HALLO! SAD news of Jason Donovan, the lusty, virile, hot-blooded, no-nonsense heterosexual (*That should be enough — Eye lawyer*). Not only was Jason stretchered out of Los Angeles's Viper Room club with an "asthma attack" just months after River Phoenix died on exactly the same spot of a drugs overdose, but plans to relaunch Jason in the musical *Billy Liar* have been ditched after it failed to make any advance ticket sales.

The Marquesa ran into Helen Montagu, the fragrant *grande dame* of British musical comedy, who was to produce *Billy*. She confides that "Jason even went to Blackpool to practise his Yorkshire accent, poor dear." She won't say what effect this had on the native Lancastrian population!

To compound the Australian songster's embarrassment, Montagu reveals to the Marquesa that Donovan has been replaced in her affections by peroxide Liverpudlian drag queen Lily Savage. She will star in a West End musical version of *Prisoner Cell Block H*. "People have *heard* of Lily Savage," Montagu explains witheringly. *(Who is Lily Savage? Ed.)*

HALLO! *THREE cheers for fun-loving Lord Harris of Greenwich, former Labour bigwig and protégé of Woy Jenkins. As chairman of the British Casino Association he is lobbying the government hard to relax the stuffy old rule whereby a perfectly respectable would-be player has to give 48 hours' notice to join a casino.*

As the Marquesa can attest, this silly rule deters a lot of her high-rolling foreign chums from filling the casinos' coffers at short notice when overnighting. Lord High-Roller has made a powerful submission to the home office attacking the current law — which was originally introduced to weed out Mafia-style gangsters and to protect against credit card fraudsters. Harris of course knows this law inside out because he was a Labour home office minister (1974-1979) and now sits as Lib-Dem home affairs spokesman in the Lords.

HALLO! *IN A delightful essay for the Observer celebrity lesbian Charlotte Raven writes most lyrically of her enthusiasm for the drug Ecstasy — "a sensory symphony which opens you up like a rose."*

She is, however, less enamoured of other drugs. "Crack," she warns, "is short, sharp and deadly."

As it happens, Ms Raven's new inamorata, the brilliant novelist and Sunday Times columnist Ms Julie Burchill, might also be described as "short, sharp and deadly". I wonder what Julie thinks about drugs? Perhaps when she returns from her summer holiday she will enlighten us.

HALLO! NO ONE is keener on rich people than the Marquesa, but dear Nigel Pratt-Dumpster is running me a close second!

Nigel's devotion to the cause of thrice-married pools heir Robert Sangster seems excessive. Sangster boasts to me that has featured in Humpty's little *Mail* column no fewer than 105 times in the past five years. And when not writing about the great tycoon himself, Dumpster drools over Sangster's wives and daughters instead.

Just think what all this delicious PR must be worth! Luckily Dumpster is far too independent a journalist to even think about accepting retainers from glorified bookies (*Shurely "wonderful rich people"?*). But there must be some explanation for Dumpster's loyal gushings. What can it be?

HALLO! ONE does not want to sound obsessed but dear little Nigel is getting out of hand. No one fawns over Lord Palumbo as well as I do, but Dumpster keeps trying to keep up.

Two months ago — when Palumbo's 17th century manor near Newbury was on the market for £10 million, despite the threat of a by-pass 400 yards from the front door — he loyally trumpeted: "That road has now been shelved."

Of course the go-ahead for the by-pass was announced immediately. Palumbo then decided to take the house off the market and sell the 1,100-acre farm — and Dempster dutifully wrote that the threat of the by-pass was still eight years away. This was news to Newbury council, which last week started work by demolishing two buildings to make way for it! Really Nigel!

The Marquesa

TWO more questions about Jonathan Aitken — and some suggested answers.

1. Why, after he had been so ignominiously shafted by Michael Heseltine and "retired", was he called in right at the end of the parliamentary session for a half-hour person-to-person talk with the prime minister? Presumably nothing can be going wrong with the £20 billion Al Yamamah arms deal between Britain and the Saudi Arabian royal family with whom Jonathan is so closely associated.

2. Why did he host a Commons party just before the recess to help the ambitious legal firm Dibb Lupton Broomhead boost its media business? Presumably this was unconnected with the fact that Dibb Lupton Broomhead are solicitors to the Sheffield engineering and steel combine Johnson Firth Brown, whose subsidiary, Forgemasters, made barrels for Saddam Hussein's supergun.

THE buffoonish Tory MP for Northampton North Tony Marlow is well known as a fierce critic of the European Union and all its works.

So he should have been outraged to read in the newspaper *Wales on Sunday* of a firm called Toddingtons Ltd, which owns a number of farms in Pembrokeshire and has been collecting vast sums in Euro-subsidies, including the sheep annual premium, the beef special premium and the set-aside scheme.

Thanks in part to this Euro-loot, Toddingtons made a net profit of £132,013 in the year ending March 1994. But perhaps Marlow wasn't all that surprised. For the only director listed on Toddingtons' records at Companies House is Jill Chambers, who doubles up as Marlow's mistress and secretary. And the majority shareholder in Toddingtons is none other than... Tony Marlow MP.

TONY BLAIR's Labour party is desperate to remove Liz Davies, the hardline parliamentary candidate for Leeds North East.

Meanwhile Davies's old colleagues at Islington council are lining up to stab their former comrade in the back. Two of them wrote poisonous letters to the *Guardian* attacking her council record. Amazingly enough the paper's Patrick Wintour felt the missives warranted a whole four-column news story. Not for nothing has Wintour long been known as the mouthpiece of Labour's spin doctor, Peter Mandelson.

Councillor James Winston led the *Guardian*'s anti-Liz pack, obviously keen to gain the notice and favour of Islington's Blairier-than-thou chief whip at Islington, Steven Twigg. Winston shrewdly argued for Labour party members who "rally round the majority decision whatever our personal views".

Perhaps Winston should have checked his own cupboard for skeletons first. Ms Davies failed to pay her poll tax as a political gesture against the tax. Mr Winston, it was recently reported in the *Islington Gazette*, was involved in a long battle in the small claims court over the non-payment of £400 rent with not a political excuse in sight. The proceedings could have left him bankrupt which would have led to his disqualification as a councillor. Even worse, this champion of a united party was fighting over the rent payment with the man he succeeded as Labour councillor for the Barnsbury ward, Gordon Johnston.

The money was eventually paid, though Winston boasted to colleagues he had not needed to pay it himself as the Tenant's Association on a local estate had organised a whip round.

More seriously, the *Grauniad*'s letters included one by Peter "Reichsführer" Coleman, whose job is to assemble dispassionately evidence for the disputes committee on the Davies affair. His letter states as fact the contested allegations against "Leftie" Liz. Ms Davies is a barrister, so Mr Coleman must hope his blatant breach will have escaped the notice of her learned friends.

LIBERAL Democrat hero Chris Davies has been basking in his party's delight since winning the Littleborough and Saddleworth by-election — but he is also said to be worried about his finances.

The 41-year-old, who earned Paddy Ashdown's smuggest congratulations, needed his bank manager to help him meet the costs of setting up an office before he receives his first parliamentary salary after the summer recess. Unfortunately the clean-cut, anti-dope smoking Davies has had a sorry financial history since his company, Abercromby consultancy, crashed in 1991.

He only recently paid off the last of the £40,000 he owes the bank, and a local firm, ENS Advertising, is still owed £10,000.

AN embarrassing answer slipped out in the House of Lords before the recess listing the percentage of bills issued to government departments that are paid within 30 days — the government's recommended limit.

By far the worst offender among "non-ministerial departments" — with only half its bills paid inside the limit — is Oflot, the government regulator of the National Lottery.

RICHARD BURDEN, Labour MP for Birmingham Northfield with a slender majority of 630, is known for his strong views on employment rights, the minimum wage and protecting part-time workers.

Recently he has advertised for a full-time research assistant. It was no surprise to applicants when they were asked to prepare a paper for the interview on a minimum wage. But it *was* a surprise when they noticed the job description beginning to change. First it became a "temporary" research assistant, then it metamorphosed into a "temporary, part-time" research assistant.

One eager young politico, attracted by the initially appealing salary of £14,000, was horrified to see the job becoming a part-time post which would net the lucky applicant a measly £5,000 a year. He was even more horrified when Burden told him at the interview that the successful applicant would officially work 25 hours a week, but must be willing to work far more than that for no extra pay.

THE British government is to be hit by a further humiliation from Brussels: the European commission will shortly announce the award of 760,000 ecus (£640,000) to the energy source whose name must not be mentioned in Whitehall: wave power. The allocation has been decided in Brussels. The decision has not yet been announced and is officially secret.

It is the third time the commission has gone ahead to subsidise British wave energy while the British government refuses to do so. The first wave power unit known as an OSPREY was launched last week from the shipyard on the Clyde where the QE2 was built — with no government minister present to wish her godspeed, and no minister's wife to break the bottle.

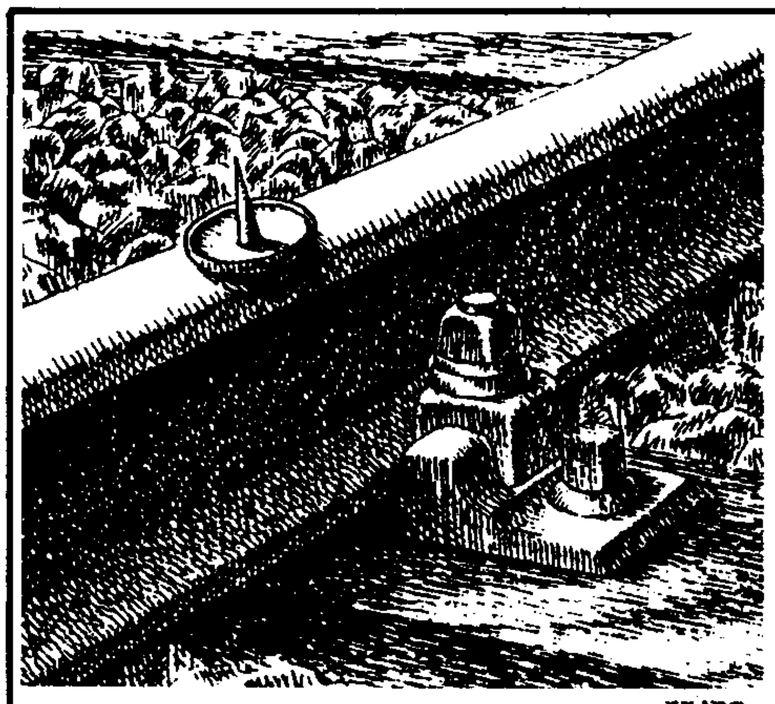
AT THE height of its recruitment campaign, Labour has suspended a prominent party member in Manchester... for recruiting.

Giaz Uddin Choudhury was interviewed for a BBC2 programme in May about the recent reselection in Manchester of former shadow foreign minister Gerald Kaufman. Mr Choudhury's exact words were as follows: "Asian people for long have not been represented, as they do not have their representatives — so that is our ultimate aim and objective. To educate them, to encourage them to come and join the party that you believe in, so that the people in future can create an adequate representation."

The BBC programme was considered at a meeting of the party's national executive in June. The following week Peter Coleman, Labour's director of development and organisation, wrote to Mr Choudhury warning him of a top-level investigation into "your conduct in apparently supporting a challenge to the NEC's authority" in the Manchester selection conference.

Pending the investigation Mr Choudhury was suspended from party membership. Astonished and distressed, he protested bitterly and noted that no one had suggested he had "said anything incorrect". In a long series of questions he asked what he had done wrong and how he could have challenged the NEC's authority by advocating more recruitment. Coleman has replied with a note saying he doesn't think it would be appropriate for the two men to meet (which no one had suggested). The suspension stands.

'Backbiter'



SIGNAL FAILURES

THE epitome of the new fragmented railway, the Gatwick Express, doesn't look so hot in the BR annual report's table concerning passenger's charter standards.

Most of the train operating units managed to meet either the reliability standards or the punctuality standards, or both, in 1994/5.

Gatwick Express of course has the easiest job of the lot: only one route (which is short), a number of identical fixed train-sets, no intermediate stations and its own platforms at Victoria and Gatwick. Yet this flagship shadow franchise, which has worked harder than any other to distance itself from the national rail network, cancelled 1.2 per cent of its trains, ran 12.2 per cent more than five minutes late, and, er, failed to meet either of its targets.

BR's annual report includes evidence of the government's intention that railways will shed custom before franchisees take over — so the private sector won't be blamed for the cutbacks which are inevitable if money is to take priority over social and environmental considerations.

In 1994/5 the number of passenger journeys dropped again, as did the miles travelled by passengers and trains. How come, then, that revenue is holding its own and receipts per passenger-train mile actually increased in 1994/5? The answer lies in the pruning of the most lightly-used services, overcrowding on the busiest ones and rising fares all round.

The long-established idea of providing a comprehensive rail service — especially useful to people who can't drive — has suddenly been dumped. Trains in the early morning, late at night and on Sundays — as well as station staff — are evaporating as the railways concentrate on providing services during the remunerative peak hours. At the same time BR is hiking the fares — up from 11.7p to 12p per mile in 1994/5.

DONCASTER could be the next famous railway town to lose its major rail workshops as privatisation forges ahead.

ABB Transportation denies that it intends to close Doncaster works, which it bought earlier this year as BR got shot of train maintenance activities. But some of the 600-strong workforce believe a project team has been planning the transfer of work to ABB at Crewe so Doncaster can be closed by March 1997.

If that happened, the road haulage industry would laugh all the way to the bank because it would have that much further to carry rolling stock for repair. Such trains often go by road because Railtrack's access charges are so high and road access charges are nonexistent.

'Dr B. Ching'

NOOKS and CRANNIES

MY REPORT in the last *Eye* that London Underground's proposal to wreck the Brunels' (grade II listed) Thames Tunnel by "shotcreting" it might be examined at a public inquiry was prematurely optimistic. On 24 July John Gummer, environment secretary, announced that he was not going to call the case in.

His timing was impeccable. The final draft report by the eminent independent consulting engineers commissioned by English Heritage to examine LUL's proposals was presented to EH on 19 July. Gummer would have had it on his desk shortly afterwards — but evidently the busy minister must have made his decision *without having read the report*.

The engineers had been told Gummer would base his decision on their report. But English Heritage, having already compromised by lying about its experts' advice in a letter to the London Docklands Development Corporation, now seems to have made certain the environment department was not officially informed that its consultants' conclusions clearly ran counter to what LUL's engineers want to do.

So here we have a perfect example of how things are done in modern Britain: to save face — because nobody ever admits they were wrong — lies are told and the truth ignored by smug officials in non-accountable quangoes. The behaviour of English Heritage is scandalous.

This case is as bad as that of the Euston Arch, another great monument to Britain's engineering past which was unnecessarily sacrificed by Conservative politicians and assorted bureaucrats and mediocrities. To quote a splendid angry editorial in my current favourite reading, the *New Civil Engineer*: "It seems the battle to save the original features of one of the world's most important engineering monuments has been lost... Why the secrecy, delusion and lies? If there had been a good reason to shotcrete, as engineers we would never object to putting safety before preservation. The real disgrace is that the engineering argument was won by those wanting to keep the tunnel as it is. But this did not matter. Preserving the reputations of those supporting this scandalous waste of public money was more important than preserving an engineering work of art."

Yes, *work of art*. We are always told that, as politicians go, Gummer is a reasonably decent and civilised man. He likes old churches. Can he not understand that a pioneering engineering marvel like the Thames Tunnel is just as important a part of Britain's history as any medieval cathedral; that if this wretched, pathetic country still has any standing in the world it is because of our past greatness resting on industrial and mercantile prowess; that the industrial revolution and its heroes — like the Brunels, father and son — gave us a place in world history? Obviously not. Such is the blinkered, effete, ignorant nature of the English ruling class.

London Underground has not even tried to refute the points made by the independent engineers — Sir Alan Muir Wood, James Sutherland and Denis Smith. Let me quote from their report. "Current condition of the Tunnel: The brickwork is generally sound with no active cracks... Leakage is very slight..." LUL seems obsessed by the possibility of terrorists leaving bombs in the tunnel, but, "Our analyses, even in the brief period available to us, lead us to the conclusion that neither the present loadings nor those under the exceptional conditions of loading postulated by LUL, such as might be caused by explosions, would lead to structural collapse of the tunnel... A general question that needs to be addressed concerns how fundamental errors of engineering judgement appear to have contributed to the conclusion by LUL that the tunnel was in a state of imminent collapse and that a shotcrete lining was essential for operational safety."

So, it's good news for the contractors who will carry out the shotcreting and bad news for the taxpayer. To quote from the letter of protest sent to Gummer by Sir Alan Muir Wood on 28 July: "We express our concern that your decision not to call in the application was taken in the evident absence of your knowledge of the advice we were giving to EH, on which we would have expected their own advice to be based... We believe that London Underground are about to spend a considerable sum unnecessarily to the permanent disfigurement of a remarkable monument to man's ingenuity, invention and tenacity."

***MORE news of hormonally-challenged Essex Woman, Europhobe and Vandal, Teresa Gorman MP** (Eyes passim).*

La Gorman's lawyers attempted to challenge the legality of Thurrock borough council's enforcement notice over her vulgar and ignorant mutilations to Old Hall Farmhouse at Orsett and took the case to the high court. Oh dear: the court found Thurrock was acting perfectly properly, and costs have been awarded against the MP (perhaps £10,000).

She has now sacked her "consultant", the miserable Anthony "Twee" Blee** (Eyes passim ad nauseam). **That is the best decision she has made for a long time.

'Piloti'

Stallone's agonistic style is Hellenistic: his taut muscles in *Cliffhanger* (1993) are those of the Belvedere Torso, and his inner strain and facial torsion are those of the heads of Alexander and the figures of the Pergamon altar.

CAMILLE PAGLIA
Times Literary Supplement

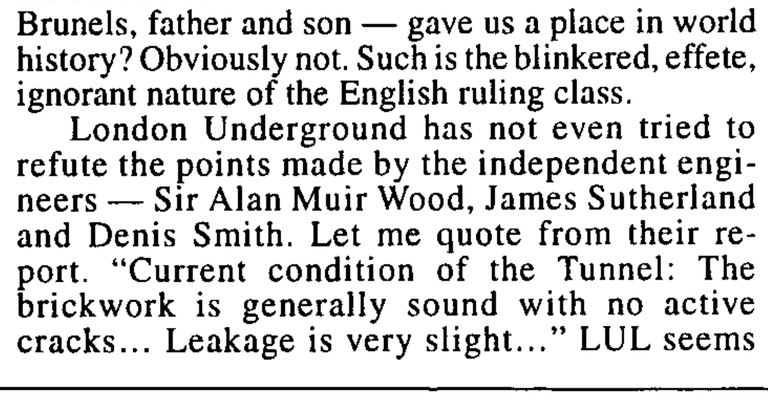
Cybercized queer theory, with its roots in the anarchic skepticism of Nietzsche, envisions a decentered, Interneted, normless society (if that is not a contradiction in terms). Indeed, one cyberpunk professes a post-Nietzschean project: "Nihilism doesn't go far enough for me" (Caniglia 95). The association with cyberspace (entry to which is literally not open to all) allies queer idealism with the self-interested individualistic idealism of the bourgeois subject: another cyberpunk states that his life goal is "to move up" (Caniglia 92).

DONALD MORTON
'Birth of the Cyberqueer'; Publications of the Modern Language Association of America

Pseuds Corner

In *Consulting Room (couch)* Sarah Jones depicts life size, generic shots of psychotherapists' couches in an institute of psychoanalysis. Still, empty and impersonal, each bears witness to a site of revelation, alluding to the experiences and relationships both within psychoanalysis and in the reading of photography. The couches wait expectantly for the next client, implicating the viewer within the relationship, invoking a sense of voyeurism and ambiguity. There is a feeling of intrusion and timelessness, of being caught in a moment between two markers or periods of potential trauma. The sumptuous colour photograph invites the viewer to take part, to cross the threshold of the photographic surface; the artist making reference to the choice between the roles of operator and spectator as discussed in Barthes' *Camera Lucida*.

Press release
Camerawork Gallery



Behold Liz Hurley, the woman in white. A woman in white is making a statement. She is saying, "I am pure. I am innocent."

A woman in white wearing a discreet cross and chain around her neck is underlining that aspiration to virtue. It is an allusion to goodness and righteousness — and may also signal a burden, as in "a cross to bear".

Yet a woman in white wearing a short, figure-hugging dress with a plunging neckline is also affirming the fact that she is a *woman*. I may be pure, she is saying, but I would like you to know that I am desirable. See for yourself.

MARY KENNY
Hello!

Well, as this is the age of the right to know, I can now end this lecture by revealing for the first time ever the untold secret behind the name Saatchi. I can clear up, once and for all, after all these years, the mystery and doubt about the precise origin of the name, and its true meaning. Are you sitting comfortably? This may shock... because, as those who know me well have always suspected, I am not a real person. I am a made-up person. Because what Saatchi stands for is an acronym — a priceless piece of knowledge which the Gods spelled out for us in our name, letter by letter, so that we never forget it. SAATCHI. S.A.A.T.C.H.I. = Simple And Arresting Truths Create High Impact. It's our name. It's our nature. As Martin Luther said: "Here I stand. I can do no other."

MAURICE SAATCHI
D&AD Inaugural Lecture, 10/7/95.

Contributors: L. Nolan, E. Wilson, N. Mindline, D. Keily, Anon.

£10 paid for entries

EYE TV

John Birt (BBC)

Alan Yentob (BBC1)

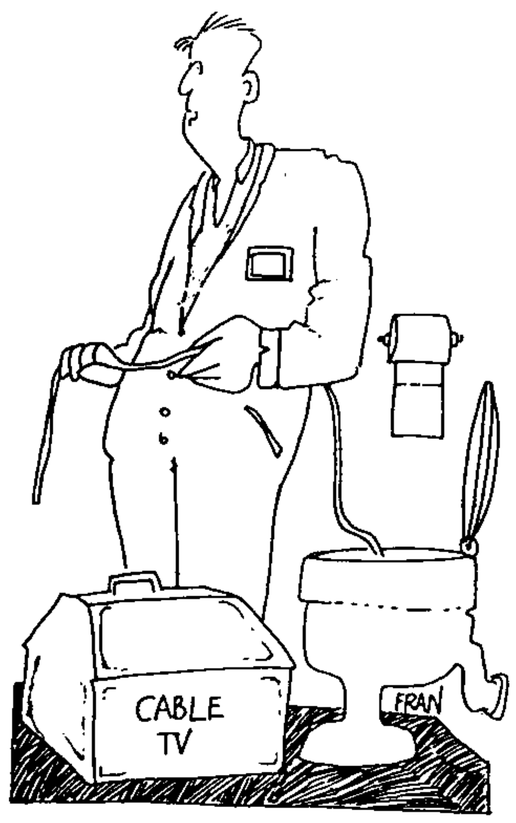
Michael Grade (C4)

IN TELEVISION August is the cruellest month. Executives simmering in Tuscany, or the Rockies, or on their yachts, take stock of where they stand on the great television ladder of ambition and above the noise of the cicadas on the long hot summer nights, they hear the whispers of who's up and who's down. Let Square Eyes help them in their calculations.

Alan Yentob: There should be happy hols this year for Botney. A year after his BBC1 was being generally castigated as a failure — and his departure from office was being widely predicted — the bearded one is the darling of the media pages having achieved a small rise in BBC1's audience share but a large shift in perception of his performance.

He's been helped by ITV's sudden and unexpected problems: criticism from advertisers, a sudden pause in the supply-line of hit programmes. Ironically it's becoming obvious that, while all the media attention focused on the BBC's cumbersome new management structure under Birt, ITV's Network Centre, which now controls all commissioning, was precisely the same kind of crazed centralising creature, and avoided comment because of the absence of a bogeyman-like Birt figure behind it.

But the main factor in his media transformation has been that Botney — the former arts czar whom many thought too highbrow and unworldly for the commercial channel — has proved commendably cynical and practical. The odd broadsheet-appeasing experiment — *Cardiac Arrest*, *You Decide With Paxman* — has been far outweighed by shameless point-for-point copies of ITV hits: *Hamish Macbeth*, *The Vet*, *Dangerfield*. The relative success of these, when added to a couple of unpredicted bankers — *Bugs*, *Men Behaving Badly* — has been enough to impress media editors who have, anyway, got sick of slagging off the BBC.



"Where do you want it?"

The final proof Yentob had broken through was the sudden decision of David Liddiment, the BBC's head of entertainment, recruited two years ago from ITV, to scuttle back to the third channel. It's well known Liddiment went to the BBC with his eye on Botney's job.

Michael Grade: There's an old rule in television journalism that no more than two of the major channels can be in crisis at any one time. With ITV suffering squabbles and collywobbles for the first time in years, the BBC has also been helped by events at Channel 4.

It's been a troubling summer for Lew's nephew, who has gone from liberal hero to liberal zero in a matter of weeks. It began well, with Grade being attacked as "Britain's pornographer-in-chief" by Paul Johnson, Mary Kenny, the *Daily Telegraph* and the *Daily Mail* for his channel's rare forays into sexual and religious material. What Loonybins Johnson and the others failed to realise was that Grade's only real problem at Channel 4 has been the belief of some of the younger and more radical staff and programme makers that he was at heart a patrician right-winger with showbiz in his blood. In a stroke, the row provided him with all the lib cred he might want, while further consolidating Grade's status among disgruntled BBC staff as hero (and possibly future king) across the water.

Then, Grade negotiated himself — a mere week after the Greenbury report, which was so searchingly covered on *Channel 4 News* — a whopping great pay rise taking him to a salary twice that of John Birt, whose alleged greed had been a key element in his staff's hostility to him.

"Pornographer in Chief" to the right, "Fat Cat" to the left, Gradey will be gazing contemplatively at the sea this August from his boat trying to plot his course back to being Britain's most popular and politically deftest TV executive.

John Birt: On his own American vacation — sadly, these days, no longer claimable against tax — the DG will be plotting his future beyond the BBC, his departure now little more than a year away. A little wounded, perhaps, by the cruel jokes that have greeted his carefully-floated suggestion that he might run the national health service — admissions to intensive care first being sent on a patient orientation course at a top hotel! — JB will have been cheered by the shock news from New York that he is to receive an Emmy, American's top TV honour, for "ensuring the continuation of the BBC's historical standards of excellence into the next century".

Tom Lehrer always said that he retired as a satirist on the morning that Henry Kissinger was awarded the Nobel Peace Prize for bombing Cambodia. A lot of British satirists will be down at the Job Centre this week.

'Square Eyes'

MEDIA NEWS

BIRTSPEAK

ARE YOU prepared to... jump out of the box; suspend judgement; accept impulses; break moulds; alter perceptions?

We will show you how to... solve problems, meet challenges and innovate with new ideas.

You will: take a trip to the right side of your brain; use imagery to see where you are and where you want to get to; become familiar with association, analogy, metaphor, wild ideas, story-boards and streams of consciousness; achieve more success at work as a consequence...

And all at taxpayers' expense, of course. This gobbledegook set the scene for a "BBC Innovation Workshop" held earlier this year for supposedly creative staff who weren't getting enough of their work broadcast.

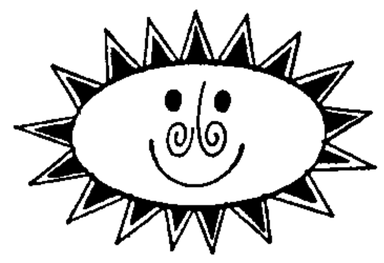
Organised by Damian Duggan-Ryan of "communications consultants" Whitell Ryan Associates, the course was a day-long session of metaphors, "problem de-coupling", "idea transfer", not to forget flip charts and "plasticine or play dough modelled metaphors".

BBC Radio 4's *Mediumwave* is a tribute to the Birtist policy of indulging the regions. It has five full-time producers (including the editor), one researcher, two PAs and a presenter. The team is based in Manchester, but the presenter (at the moment Joanna Coles or ex-*Daily Mirror* editor and by-line junkie Roy Greenslade) is flown in and billeted in a hotel overnight, only to present a programme in which every item is either recorded or a down-the-line live interview from Broadcasting House. No wonder each programme costs a runaway £24,000 to make.

Moreover the production team is full of media virgins. The pre-Beeb media experience of the present editor, Lindsay Leonard, consisted of a stint on the *Sheffield Star*. Another producer, when told that ex-Murdoch grand vizier and multi-millionaire Andrew Knight would never be bothered to appear on the programme, remarked that "it's surprising what some people will do for money". (The proposed fee was £60.)

Leonard has already stated she wants more "testosterone" in the programme (it has an all-women production team), and various media tarts have put themselves forward as regular stand-ins for the hugely ambitious Coles: John Diamond, Jay Rayner and the *Observer*'s John Sweeney. But for the time being it is Andrew "Brillo Pad" Neill to the rescue — a veritable flash flood of testosterone.

Neill (who will be flown in from his home in the South of France) has been anxiously asking Greenslade what on earth there is to do in Manchester on a Saturday night. Luckily Manchester boasts a substantial Asian population and a nightclub called the Hacienda where a man of Neill's consummate dancing skills will be most welcome.



HACKWATCH: HOT NEWS

1 July: "We are in for a freezing July," a *Times* editorial forecasts. "The prediction is safe. Why? Those tedious 'scorcher' stories have started again." The article is headed "Phew!"

10 July: "That's Yer Hot, Folks! Heatwave To End Tomorrow," a *Sun* headline announces. "Today," the paper warns, "is the last chance to bake in 80$F sunshine."

18 July: Not so fast: the *Times* reports that "another heatwave is heading for Britain in the next few days".

21 July: "Temperatures again soared across most of Britain," the *Times* records. The *Daily Mail* chooses this moment to ask a "burning" (sic) question: "Is it possible to fry an egg on a pavement?" The answer is yes, as 29-year-old Vanessa Ellis charmingly demonstrates for the paper's photographer.

22 July: "Heatwave steams towards the record books," declares a headline in the *Independent*. "It really is a scorcher," the paper's environment correspondent confirms — though he neglects to add the word "Phew!" The *Sun* is still unconvinced. "Britain is set for a cooler weekend as the stifling heatwave comes to an end," it maintains.

23 July: Under the headline "Phew, the hottest July for 12 months," the *Sunday Telegraph*'s meteorological expert points out rather irritably that there is nothing particularly "abnormal" about hot weather in summer. But elsewhere in the paper the sunshine continues to provoke amazement. "The British stiff upper lip came close to drooping last week," a news story discloses, "as the country sweltered in relentless heat."

24 July: "As much of Britain sweltered yesterday," the *Times* reports, "weather forecasters said that it would get hotter."

29 July: "Britain to swelter in humid weekend," the *Times* predicts.

31 July: "Pollution danger as 90F Heatwave Goes On", warns a headline in the London *Evening Standard*. In case readers don't know what a heatwave looks like, the paper carries a photo of two bikini-wearing women frolicking by the Serpentine. Even the staid old *Financial Times* gets in on the act, noting how disgusting British businessmen look in hot weather — "red faced, crumpled and glistening with sweat... Most distressing of all are the feet: hot and malodorous, encased in thick, indestructible socks."

1 August: Half a page of the *Evening Standard* is filled with a photo of "model Natasha" wearing a skimpy pop art bikini. "But," the caption adds cautiously, "sun worshippers are reminded to take care." Reporting that "sun-baked Britain is set to sizzle into the hottest day of the year tomorrow with temperatures likely to hit 95F", the *Sun* shows swimmer Sharron Davies and *Gladiators* star Nightshade — both wearing clinging T-shirts and precious little else — spraying a hose about to "stop temperatures rising too high". The *Daily Mail* is already hot and bothered: it carries a two-page feature asking "How much more can we take?" This lists "some of the ways the weather has affected us" — sunburn, hosepipe bans, road rage and sleepless nights. "A plague of venomous jellyfish is making its way up the west coast," it adds cheerfully.

2 August: "Yes, it was the hottest day of the year," the *Independent*'s front-page headline confirms, above a huge colour picture of a woman in a wet T-shirt standing in the fountain at Victoria Square, Birmingham. Inside, the whole of page 3 is given over to weather stories — including a guide on "How to survive the heatwave" packed with useful advice ("Head for the shade around midday... Wear a wide-brimmed hat... Wear sunglasses... Park your car in the shade...") for the benefit of the more moronic *Indie* readers.

The *Evening Standard* also has a photograph of a woman in a wet T-shirt in Victoria Square. However, it reports, council leaders in Birmingham are threatening to turn the fountain off since "youngsters have been jumping in and performing 'disgusting' antics" — encouraged, no doubt, by the constant presence of a posse of Fleet Street photographers.

Today, daring to be different, has no pictures from Victoria Square, preferring a photo of a bikini-clad lovely cavorting in the shallows of an unidentified beach. "For beach ladies," the caption reveals, "the water's lovely." From the *Sun*, we learn that "Page 3 scorcher Lisa Bangert found an outstanding way to freeze her assets as Britain's heatwave sizzled on yesterday — a refrigerated bra." There is a picture of luscious Lisa wearing her "iced topping" (geddit?), and a far larger picture in which she is wearing no bra at all.

Meanwhile the *Daily Mirror*'s consumer correspondent launches a new campaign demanding that "women should be able to look forwards to standards of decency at their chosen resorts" without being pestered by "holiday lechers". The piece is illustrated by a not-at-all lecherous photo of a woman in a tiny bikini sunbathing on a beach. The *Daily Express* reports that "more people are stripping off in the hot weather" but, surprisingly, misses the opportunity to provide pictorial evidence. Still, the *Express* does offer advice on how to cope with the heat: "open doors to create a draught, says the Sleep Council." (Couldn't the *Express* have worked this out for itself?) Oh, and a glass of chilled water "will help you keep cool". Fancy!

3 August: "EGG AND BAKIN — Yes folks, it really is hot enough to fry eggs on the pavement," the *Daily Star* chortles on its front page, apparently forgetting that the *Mail* pulled the same stunt more than an week ago.

Never mind: we can feast our eyes on *Star* chef Donna Humphreys — "delicious Donna" — stretching herself appealingly across the pavement, toying with a couple of fried eggs. For some reason, she is clad in a minuscule bikini. Inside, a two-page news special — headed HOT OR WHAT? — is copiously illustrated with photos of a topless model in a swimming pool and three women in wet T-shirts in Trafalgar Square. Reporting the now-famous Birmingham story ("Spoilsport city bosses are pouring cold water on the fountain frolics of hot-blooded youngsters"), it seizes the chance to run a picture of "defiant student Trudy Leeson" sitting in the Victoria Square fountain in her swimming costume. The *Sun*'s front page has yet another picture of a woman in a bikini. "The heat goes on!" the paper gasps. "Phew, it's a scorcher!"

4 August: Fleet Street's patience has finally snapped. "The balmy heat is sending Brits barmy with rage," the *Star* complains. "The nation is getting hot under the collar..." The *Sun* reveals that "Britain is being plagued by giant Euro super-wasps thriving on our heatwave", while the *Mirror* alerts its readers to the menace of basking sharks, which "are heading for Britain's shores in the heatwave". A *Telegraph* editorial sums up: "Most sensible Britons are desperate for this sunlit nightmare to be over." Perhaps so. But what on earth would Fleet Street's finest write about then?

LEGAL NEWS

THE complaint to the professional conduct committee of the Bar Council against David Cocks QC for misleading the attorney-general (who subsequently misled parliament) over the Levitt fraud case, has now formally been made by both John Marshall MP and John Perry, Levitt's solicitor.

Meanwhile Cocks' complaint to the Bar Council against Jonathan Goldberg QC, the senior defence counsel in the Levitt case, may turn out to be an embarrassment for yet another senior member of the Bar, Richard Ferguson QC, who succeeded Cocks as chairman of the Criminal Bar Association.

Shortly before Cocks made his complaint against Goldberg in November 1993 (the nub of which is that Goldberg "deliberately attempted to mislead the jury" in his opening speech in the Levitt case), Cocks and Ferguson had lunch together. Thereafter Sacha Wass, one of Goldberg's juniors in the Levitt case, received a warning from Cocks, conveyed through Ferguson, who is her head of chambers, to the effect that she would be left out of any complaint but that Cocks could "get her back on the hook at any time" if she were to identify too closely with Goldberg.

However, Ferguson is now a worried man. He has asked Goldberg's counsel in the matter of the complaint, Ron Thwaites QC, whether he will be called as a witness. The answer, presumably, is that both Wass and Ferguson will indeed be called to clarify this awkward matter of influence being brought to bear upon a witness. The atmosphere at 1 Crown Office Row should be specially prickly over coming weeks.

NIGEL "Shagger" Coyne, former senior clerk at 9 King's Bench Walk, has failed in his lawsuit for wrongful dismissal against the chambers — but only just.

He was dismissed after it was discovered that he had been having an adulterous relationship with a junior member of chambers, one Rebecca Littlewood, which had led to allegations of favouritism in allocating briefs.

But Judge Diamond was not impressed by the single instance of favouritism towards Miss Littlewood the chambers cited. Indeed, he concluded that if this had been the only ground for dismissal, Coyne would have won his suit. However, there was a separate matter to consider.

After Coyne's departure, a financial misdemeanour came to light. A solicitor called Geoffrey Wordsworth, who owed the chambers £18,000 in fees from legal aid cases, paid for a holiday in Florida for Coyne and his family. Since Coyne owed him £1,500 for the holiday, Wordsworth paid him an equivalent sum as the first instalment of the fees owed to members of the chambers. Coyne paid this into his wife's personal bank account and got her to write a cheque to pay for the holiday.

While Judge Diamond did not consider Coyne "intended permanently to deprive chambers of the sum", he concluded that Coyne's conduct "went far beyond mere carelessness or inadvertence" and "involved an element of conscious wrongdoing and therefore must be characterized as dishonest". No doubt these comments will be of interest to solicitors sending work to Trafalgar Chambers where Coyne and Littlewood have set up shop.

MENSA UPDATE

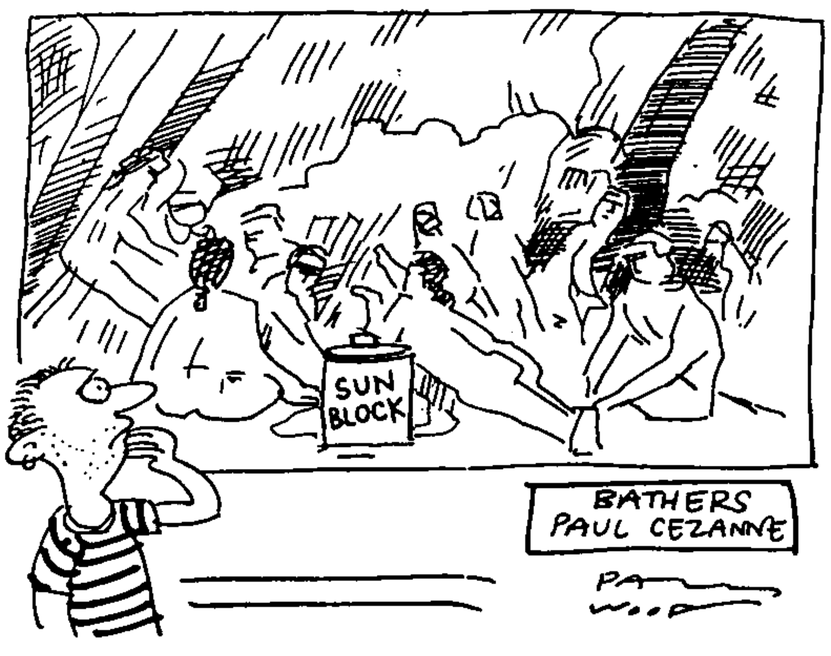
MORE on the madness at Mensa where, since the *Eye* revealed that police had been called in to investigate financial irregularities, treasurer Neil Goulder has been promoted.

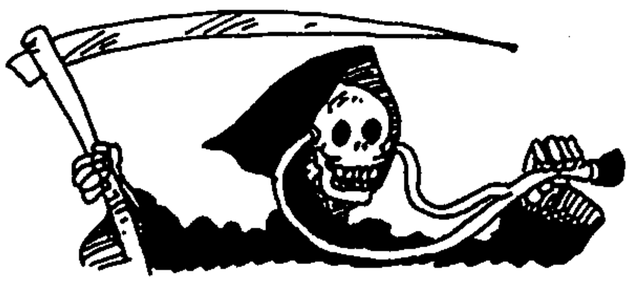
In a stroke of Mensa-style genius, Goulder, who presided over the monetary mess, has been appointed international treasurer.

Meanwhile the British Mensa agm has received a resolution concerning its official magazine's editor, Simon Clark. The resolution argues that he is unsuitable to work for a society which claims to have "no opinion" and to welcome people regardless of race, creed, etc.

Clark was previously editor of the controversial right-wing student magazine *Campus*. It was banned by six students' unions after it covered such liberal topics as hanging homosexuals. He has also worked for the Media Monitoring Unit, which aims to censor the "left-wing" bias in the media. Since he has been editor of the magazine, Mensans have been delighted to find the noted intellectual Garry Bushell writing on such learned topics as how much he fancies *Baywatch* babe Pamela Andersen.

However, the incredibly bright Mensa committee states that it is against the agm motion and advises members to vote to keep Clark in power.





DOING THE ROUNDS

THIS October sees the start of a huge national change in undergraduate medical education, with the introduction of the General Medical Council's "new" curriculum.

Instead of cramming 200 medical students into a lecture theatre and sending them off to laboratories to cut up dead humans and live domestic mammals, they will now have their values explored in small focus groups before being dispatched into the community to learn about real life. Or so the theory goes.

The changes have met with a lot of resistance, principally from those who stand to lose financially. It costs taxpayers £34,000 a year to train one medical student, so a medical school with 1,000 students rakes in £34 million a year.

Only a fraction of this has ever gone on teaching, with professors preferring to use the money to tart up their departments and conduct meaningless research. A typical surgical unit in a teaching hospital might receive £4 million a year in teaching money, and in return will allow a few students a week to tag on to the end of a ward round or hang on the end of a surgical instrument. Disciplines such as anatomy, physiology and biochemistry stand to lose most as the (largely irrelevant) factual content of the course is slashed and replaced by subjects such as "How we learn" and "Real People, Real Problems".

The biggest problem facing medical education is not, however, the course content but the "see one, do one, teach one" ethos of British medicine. Very few medical teachers have any training as such, preferring to rely on their innate abilities. This, coupled with the patronage system that prevents juniors from complaining, has allowed many eminent consultants to humiliate students over the years without fear of reprisal.

At **Birmingham University Medical School**, the increase in admissions of women has lead to a dramatic rise in the sexist behaviour they have to tolerate from their role-models. Norman "Noddy" Dorricott, a consultant general surgeon at **Selly Oak hospital**, teaches most students who do a surgical attachment there and prides himself on his amusing banter over the operating table. As one female student who was assisting at a laparoscopic cholecystectomy put it: "First he asked me if I was from the home counties. When I said yes, he started calling me Tinkerbell and said I looked the sort of girl whod had a horse between my legs. Then he asked me if Id lost my virginity up against the wall of a horse-box while my mother was outside watching a gymkhana. The surgical registrar and the other theatre staff started laughing too. It was like being in a monkey house. At the end, he asked me if I minded him being sexist in theatre — 'Women like to know what men want'. Then he made a hole in the gall bladder and said 'look what you've made me do'."

Another consultant surgeon who puts the fear of God into the students is Professor Neoptollomos, head of surgery at the **Queen Elizabeth hospital**. He was recently forced to apologise in writing to a female student after saying: "You must have felt testicles before. Havent you got a boyfriend?"

Not surprisingly, the QE is having trouble filling its housejobs. Another student went to **Good Hope hospital** to find that his consultant was in America for six months and no one else wanted to teach him.

Some aspects of the new curriculum should however improve things. Judging from pilot studies, the students in Birmingham will receive better and kinder teaching from GPs out in the community — if they can get there. The wisdom of sending 200 freshers, many of whom are women, into inner city areas on public transport remains to be seen. Watch this space.

"Bill's very proud of his sperm count"

● BOSSES at **St George's hospital, Tooting**, have developed a cunning two-tier wage structure. While nurses have to be content with sub-inflation pay rise, three board members, including chief executive Andrew Dillon, have accepted £40,000 between them.

Dillon has pigged out on £18,000, a rise of just 17 percent, with the other two lagging behind on 15 percent. Helping to pay for this is the modest 1,500 percent increase in car parking charges that have been imposed on staff which, at £155 a year for the privilege of parking at your place of work, is more than the salary rise for many low paid workers (*Eyes passim*). Dillon's justification for his pay rise is presumably performance related: in the national hospital league tables George's is below average for keeping outpatient appointments and gets only one star ("poor performance") for cancelling operations.

● SOUTHEND-on-Sea's favourite dental surgeons, Briggs, Cutler and Associates on Aviation Way, have announced the retirement of senior surgeon Howard Briggs in the patient newsletter. "Because of an ongoing problem with a disc in his neck, Mr Briggs has now retired completely from the National Health Service and will only be treating patients privately under the Denplan scheme or by individual private contract."

M.D.

DOWN ON THE FARM

AS THE mystery of the Beast of Bodmin intensifies, more emerges about the lengths to which Maffia "scientific" investigations have been distorted to ensure that the existence of the beast is not acknowledged. No doubt the Maffia is concerned at the cost of having to hunt the beast when it is finally proved to exist.

One Maffia ploy is to accuse livestock farmers of poor husbandry, latching on to real or imagined diseases when ravaged carcasses are presented to them for inspection. A sheep with its throat ripped out may, therefore, also be found to be suffering from foot rot and dire implications are uttered about possible action if the owner does not improve his animal welfare practices. An increasing number of farmers are thus reluctant to report dead animals to the Maffia vets.

But the other ploy is simply to ignore the obvious cause of death and attribute the sudden demise of an animal to a completely different cause. When one startled Bodmin farmer was told that a sheep with its throat ripped out was suffering from "parasitic worm infection" which had caused its death, the real death-blow was to the Maffia's already tarnished credibility.

Stories are now spreading through the South-west about the Maffia's discovery of sabre-toothed worms.

JIM LAW, the Bacup slaughterman and pig farmer who has been prevented by the Maffia from using his slaughterhouse to despatch more than 60 pigs a week (*Eyes passim*) has been up in front of the meat hygiene tribunal again.

Maffia witnesses have finished telling the tribunal that his slaughterhouse would be more dangerous than the black death if he were allowed to kill more — although the EC has increased his limit to 140 pigs a week.

Now it has been Mr Law's turn to put his side of the argument and who better to call than a Mr Tom Slinger, a well known and highly respected figure in the meat trade in Lancashire and the North-west, owner of his own group of long-established companies.

Mr Slinger — having seen Mr Law's slaughterhouse — had been amazed at how clean and well-operated it had been, and how stunningly well-constructed it was. And that is what he told the tribunal, emphasising that the unit was a model of what a small slaughterhouse should be, with no reason at all why it should not be allowed to handle up to 300 pigs a week, the number Jim Law wants to kill.

Faced with such outright commonsense, the Maffia could have little answer. But such is the depravity of this corrupt ministry that it did not let a little thing like an honest opinion get in its way. Conjuring up confidential documents describing an inspection of Mr Slinger's own slaughterhouse, they sought to discredit Mr Law's witness, the classic *ad hominem* attack.

Not once did the ministry stop to think that the use of such material — obtained in confidence — was a breach of the government's own code on confidentiality, a code which the ministry itself has used many times to justify keeping secret details of its own activities. But when it comes to furthering its own case clearly there is one law for them and another for Mr Law.

Fortunately the tribunal chairman, himself an ex-civil servant, thought otherwise and prevented the Maffia from indulging in their disreputable ploy, leaving them grumbling that they would challenge the ruling in any future cases. Slaughterhouse owners are now considering their own positions as they now know that to the Maffia "confidentiality" is a one-way process.

ALTHOUGH house prices continue to fall, no such malaise affects the farming communities as land prices — especially arable farmland — are back to record levels. Prices of £2,500 an acre are fast becoming the norm.

Those seeking an explanation need not look far. With £884 million pumped into arable farming as "compensation", the EC official term for subsidies, cash-rich barley barons have been seeking homes for their ill-gotten gains.

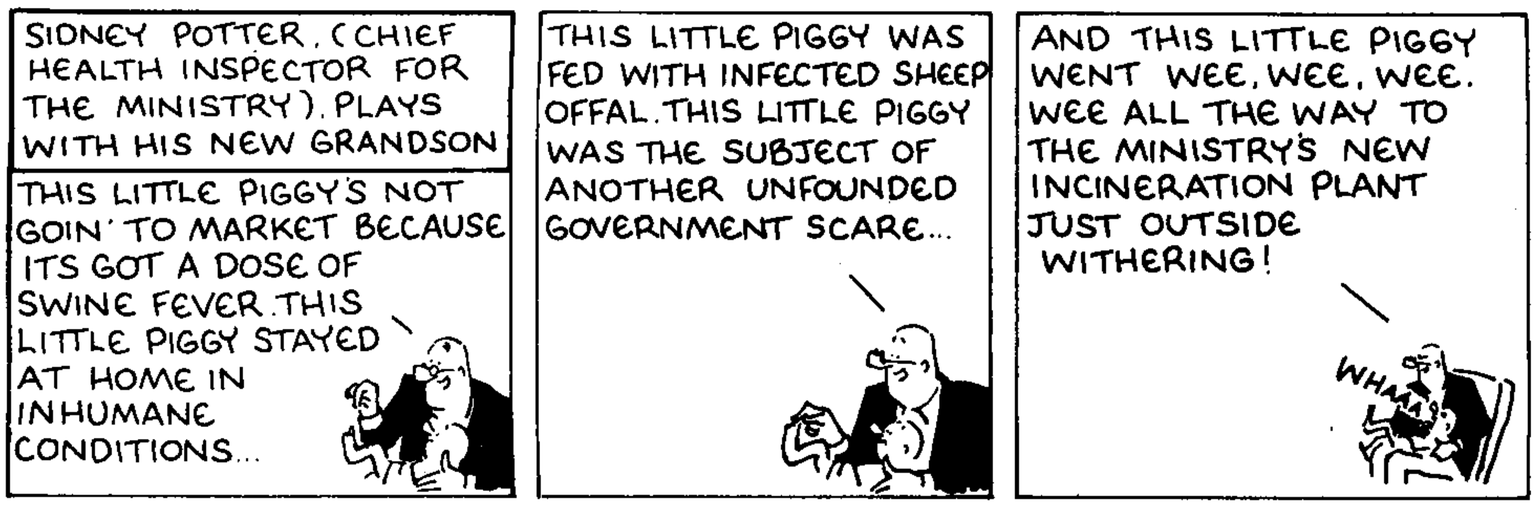
Having already bought as many Range Rovers as they can drive and having "invested" in new GT tractors, the most obvious home is more land which can either be put down to set-aside to earn more "compensation" or be put into growing more subsidised crops.

Meanwhile livestock farmers, paying inflated prices for the subsidised crops used for animal feed, are going out of business in droves. Dog shall eat dog, while the barley (and wheat) barons pick at the bones.

'New Muckspreader'

Old Macdonald

ALBERT


SIDNEY POTTER, (CHIEF HEALTH INSPECTOR FOR THE MINISTRY). PLAYS WITH HIS NEW GRANDSON
THIS LITTLE PIGGY'S NOT GOIN' TO MARKET BECAUSE ITS GOT A DOSE OF SWINE FEVER. THIS LITTLE PIGGY STAYED AT HOME IN INHUMANE CONDITIONS...
THIS LITTLE PIGGY WAS FED WITH INFECTED SHEEP OFFAL. THIS LITTLE PIGGY WAS THE SUBJECT OF ANOTHER UNFOUNDED GOVERNMENT SCARE...
AND THIS LITTLE PIGGY WENT WEE, WEE, WEE. WEE ALL THE WAY TO THE MINISTRY'S NEW INCINERATION PLANT JUST OUTSIDE WITHERING!
WHAAA

THE Rotten Borough Advertiser

APPLEBY TURNOVER

THOUGH touted by the media as a "devastating indictment", the report into fraud and corruption in Lambeth council by Elizabeth Appleby QC is likely to join the list of past inquiries that have had little or no impact.

Appleby goes some way to recognising this when she states that she feared her report "would become yet another report in Lambeth's archives".

Her 50-pager, finished 18 months late, has cost Lambeth taxpayers £250,000, or £5,000 per page. Although some £50 million is alleged to have gone missing, *Appleby fails to identify a single individual who was responsible for the missing money.*

Her short report also states that most of the areas she investigated had been subject to previous inquiries carried out by "internal audit, by the district auditor and by independent reports". Lambeth has never lacked inquiries — what it has lacked is the will to implement their findings.

Even where shortcomings are identified — for example in Lambeth's pisspoor finance department — Appleby offers no concrete solutions. Instead she offers homespun platitudes such as "the finance department requires urgent attention." Get away!

The weakness of the report also emerges after its assertion that "Lambeth has suffered at the hands of dishonest employees and dishonest contractors". It fails completely to say who these dishonest people are.

As to masonic influence in the town hall, one area Appleby was appointed to investigate, she concludes that no evidence was found. This is not very surprising: she simply wrote to the United Grand Lodge and asked if they had any members in Lambeth. No we don't, they said. So that's all right, then.

RED FACE OF THE WEEK

LEEDS: It looks like careers staff working for the city council need some good careers advice of their own. They knew something was amiss when their yucca plants were suddenly removed — and sure enough the next day 20 staff were told their services were no longer required. The yuccas have been redeployed, but not the careers staff.

DOWN IN THE DUMPS

RICHMOND's planning and transport chair has sent us a stroppy letter complaining about the *Eye*'s coverage of the council's unpopular rubbish dump.

The council has closed all but two of its depots, concentrating the noise and fumes in Craneford Way. Councillor Martin Elengorn wrote saying that residents' protests against the number of council lorries were not met with violent reactions, and that disguised council officials had not been spotted patrolling in the area.

Angry locals are now calling for his resignation after denouncing the Liberal Democrat councillor's denials. They have provided photographic evidence of badgeless officers wearing dark glasses and a juggernaut driver pushing a protestor.

IRREVERENT PAISLEY

SCOTTISH National Party group leader Bruce McFee was handed the poisoned chalice when elected to chair the committee investigating publicly-funded FCB Enterprise Security Ltd (*Eye* 783), which is allegedly linked to a spiral of money-lending, drug-dealing and organised crime in Paisley.

McFee claims it's nigh impossible to obtain relevant information from senior officials — a sentiment echoed by the press, effectively sidelined when Labour decided the proceedings should be held in private. What *has* emerged are allegations bordering on the bizarre:

● Ferguslie Park Community Holdings, the parent company of FCB, has paid no rent for more than four years to Renfrew's Labour council in lieu of its £400,000 customised building. It is claimed FPCH refused to sign a lease — demanding the property should be given free, while collecting rent from other occupiers.

● £205,586 was paid to FCB Enterprise Security Ltd in 1994/95 for £146,000 of council security contracts — £60,000 more than the contract values.

● The company has been given £1.3 million worth of contracts by the council, for most of which no formal tender was submitted.

Rather oddly, a Labour member, Paul Mack, has demanded councillor McFee resign now, claiming the SNP leader failed to declare his personal interests in a statutory register. Surely this can't be the same Mr Mack who was fined £200 for assaulting his former girlfriend (*Eyes passim*) and was told by party bosses he must not stand as an official Labour candidate at the recent council elections?

LOCAL DIFFICULTIES

COUNCILLORS in Berkshire have a strange idea of what constitutes *local* representation.

Tory councillors John and Jean Trimming claim more than £1,000 a month travel expenses to attend Wokingham council meetings. Why the cost? Because the Trimmings have moved to nearby Exeter, some, er, 150 miles away.

Oddly the travelling Tories haven't thought of resigning — probably because their party has only a one seat lead over the Liberal Democrats. The Liberals, understandably, have condemned the Trimmings' expenses as a waste of public money. (Amazingly they too have a member, Jack Earnshaw, who lives in Exeter; but that's okay because he doesn't claim travelling costs.)

Meanwhile in Chingford, Essex, questions are being asked about Conservative councillor Jane Costello. Can she really represent effectively the people of Hatch Lane ward who elected her now that she lives in Scotland? Of course she can, said Tory colleagues who sprang to her defence recently when Labour members suggested she should now stand down.

Mrs Costello attends at least one council meeting every six months, which is the legal minimum. Her travel expenses are not known.

IN BRIEF

SHEPWAY: Against national policy, the Lib-Dem council is doing its bit to boost out-of-town superstores and nobble town centres. It is restricting parking in Folkestone, Hythe, Dymchurch and New Romney (where charges are high and pay-and-display areas are patrolled by ferocious wardens) while free areas, like those round Shepway's beaches, are being fenced off. Sainsbury, Tesco, Curry-Dixons and Texas (with edge-of-town stores and free parking) are not complaining.

PRESTON: While ordinary parents queue for hours at weekends to get their kids on to the popular West View Leisure Centre playscheme, council leader Valerie "Olive Oyl" Wise, the brain behind the ex-GLC's equal opportunities committee, picks up the phone. After ringing leisure head Brian Manning to ask if her sons could have a place while she was on council "business" in Dublin, before you could say GLC Wimmins Committee Olive had jumped the queue ahead of the "ordinary working mums" whom she so eloquently claims to represent.

HAMMERSMITH and FULHAM: A summer of discontent reigns in the Labour fiefdom where two cemeteries are not having their grass cut or plots weeded to the chagrin of relatives of the deceased. What are park workers doing about it? They are receiving a 48 percent bonus for their hard work. They are also being rewarded for the strenuous act of checking the fluid levels of their mowers. For this task, obviously way beyond the call of duty, they receive an hour and a half's overtime. After all that work it's no wonder they take an average 20 days off sick each year. If the gardeners need advice on pay, who better to turn to than their boss — fellow GMB union member Christine Graham, Labour chair of the direct services committee. Not surprisingly she recently announced that her department expected to lose £415,000 on its in-house services this year. Only a few weeks before the council had promised to break even this year.

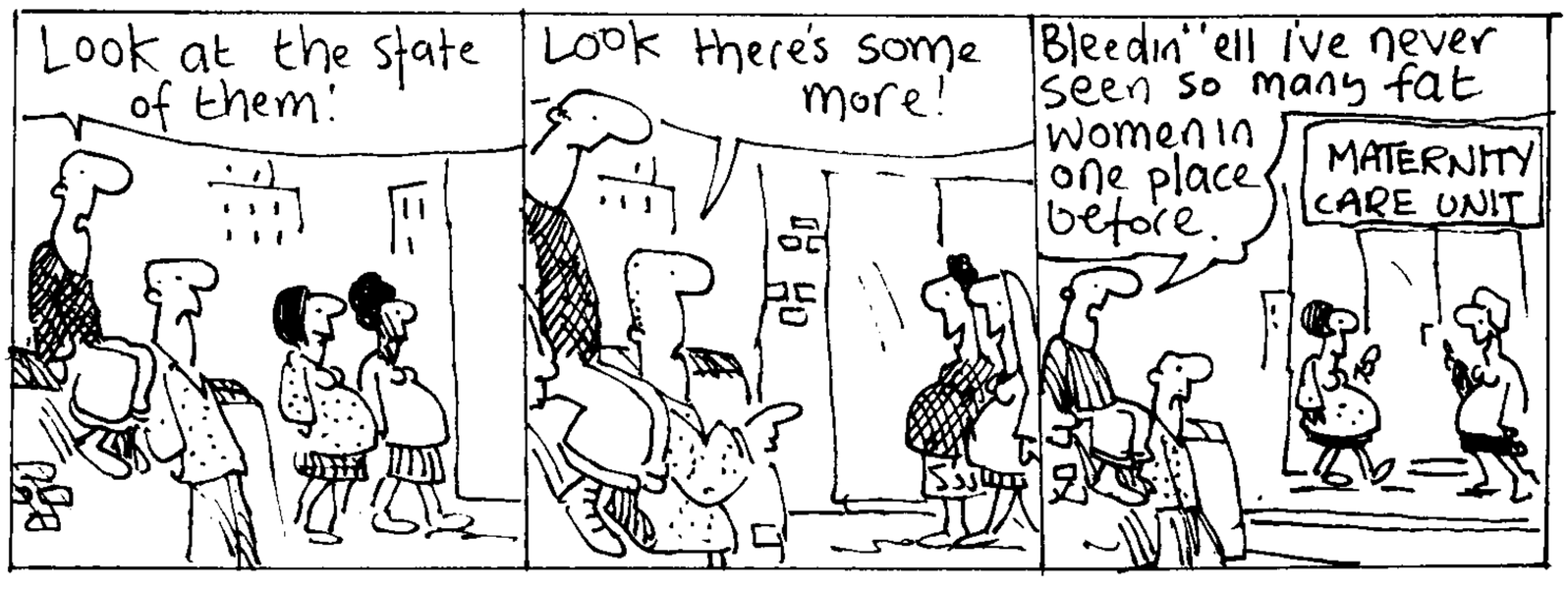
HAPPY FAMILIES

GLASGOW university's new principal Graeme Davies has neatly found a post in the English department for his wife (see *Eye* 875), and the Glasgow authorities admit unashamedly that the post was created solely for her and was not advertised.

This is not the first time Mr Davies has found a job for his missus. As vice-chancellor of Liverpool university from 1986 to 1991, he was delighted to find not just a new job but a whole new department rustled up by the authorities for his charming wife Florence. At Liverpool she was made director of the English language unit, a newly created department for teaching English as a foreign language.

Over at Exeter university, meanwhile, the English department has welcomed high-flying American professor Regenia Gagnier.

Inconveniently she came complete with husband, but conveniently the university has found him a senior research fellowship.


Look at the state of them!
Look there's some more!
Bleedin' 'ell I've never seen so many fat women in one place before.
MATERNITY CARE UNIT

Letters

R.U Catholic?

Sir,

Re: PC Prod (Footnotes, EYE *877)*

As an Irish Protestant with a Catholic name, originally from a Catholic town and with a Catholic wife, I feel in a reasonable position to make an impartial response to the above article, which is simply this: — if 3.4 percent of promoted constables were Catholics, that represents, in fact, a rate 200 percent higher than the current percentage of Catholics in the RUC (currently 2 percent) indicating no actual discrimination in the promotion system.

Such a low percentage is indeed much lower than the current 40 percent of the Northern Irish population who are Catholic, but this is hardly surprising given that, of the two "Nationalist" political parties in NI, one (the SDLP) has consistently refused to support the RUC and has actively discouraged Catholics from joining, and the other, Sinn Fein, has consistently encouraged and applauded the murder of RUC members. Hardly an encouragement for Catholics to join.

I have in fact known one Catholic plod in my time (now retired due to serious leg injuries as a result of a bomb attack) and the sons of another Catholic plod who had the distinction of being the last resident RUC officer in my home town and who was retired by the provos by the use of a Browning automatic.

PC Prod (and his 2 percent Catholic workmates) have been easy enough targets for worse than Paul Foot in the last 25 years and to be personally frank, I'd rather be stopped by them for any offence than wee Gerry's baseball bat units.

Given that the ceasefire may be as lasting as a UN safe area in Bosnia, I'd really rather you withheld my name and address should this missive or any part thereof merit mention in your organ.

Yours,
"J.K".

War of words

Sir,

Re the EYE*'s stance on Bosnia:*

1. As I recall, making war on the Argentines, who had invaded our territory and fired on our flag, was criminal folly.

2. Not making war on the Serbs, who have never injured us, is shameful cowardice.

Sorry, I don't understand.

Yours faithfully,
D. WATKINS,
Pontcanna, Cardiff.

Lookalike

Carling

Harvey

Sir,

Has anyone noticed the amazing resemblance between hunky playwright Jonathan Harvey, leader of the new gay wave, and hunky "When there's a Will there's a way" Carling?

Are they by any wild chance related?

Yours faithfully,
PHIL ROWSON
Harpenden, Herts

Strip tease

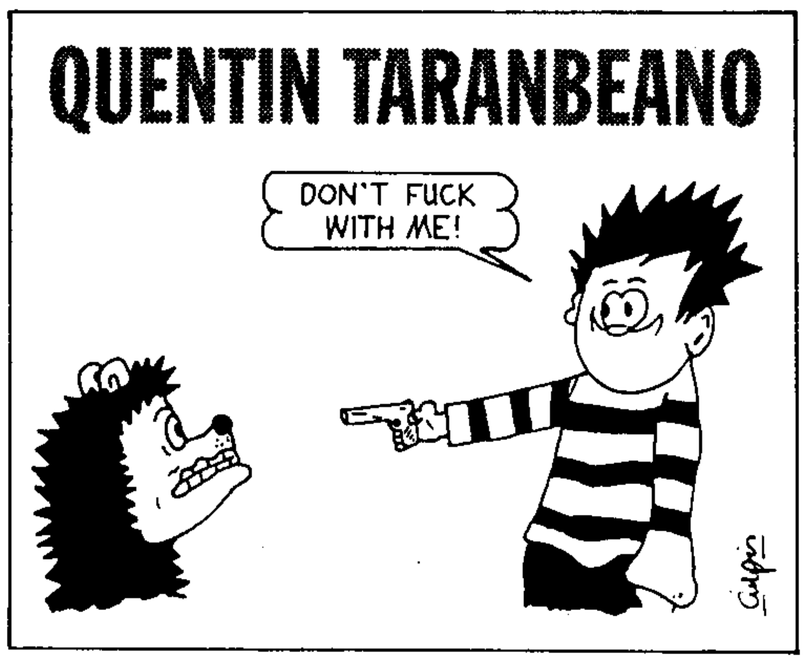
Sir,

I was reading Andrew Neil's column in the DAILY MAIL *(The Voice of Controversy 8.6.95) and I came upon a typical piece of wisdom from Britain's leading commentator.*

"The predilection for the most unlikely — and sometimes ill-advised — of folk to take their clothes off is reaching epidemic proportions".

Do you at the EYE *have any photographs which you could publish to illustrate Mr Neil's point?*

Yours sincerely
WENDY JAMES
Cheltenham, Glos.



Graphic description

Sir,

In your item "British Management No 22" you make a number of wrong statements.

I did not "resign" from Rolls-Royce in 1992. I retired in conformity with a decision made and announced a year earlier.

I am not a director of N.M. Rothschild and Shell UK. I retired from both boards in July 1994 having reached the age of 70.

In view of your well-known editorial aversion to the publication of innuendoes based on inaccuracies I would ask you to publish this correction.

Yours faithfully,
LORD TOMBS,
Shipston-on-Stour, Warks.

Single minded

Sir,

*I was shocked to read in Signal Failures (*EYE *877) that you believed installing ATP (Automatic Train Protection) was the only way that the Cowden rail disaster could have been averted.*

This theory overlooks completely Railtrack's disastrous decision to change from a dual to a single track on the Oxted-Uckfield line. This decision surely more than any other was responsible for the head-on collision and the tragic loss of five lives.

I believe Railtrack's decision to switch to a single track was done purely as a cost-cutting measure.

Yours sincerely,
A.W. OLIVER,
Lingfield, Surrey.

Presto release

Sir,

In Media News (page ten) of the issue dated 14 July 1995, I see that this paragraph states that Fay Presto was first engaged to perform at the launch of Lynne Franks' new radio station and that this engagement was cancelled due to Miss Presto's sexuality, of which the radio station appeared to be unaware at the time of the alleged booking.

As Miss Presto's manager and agent of some 10 years' standing, I would like to correct this paragraph — yes, Miss Presto was asked to perform at the event, however she had to decline due to the fact that she was otherwise committed. The young lady making the inquiry was so keen to engage Miss Presto that in fact she called twice to see if it was possible to rearrange the prior engagement — hardly the act of someone who cancelled a contract (had a contract been issued in the first place).

Yours sincerely,
JENNY DUNSTER,
Leisure Services Agency.

Word in edgeways

Sir,

I thought the last issue was most impressive, particularly the piece on Jonathan Aitken.

However, you misquote Churchill, page 3. In GREAT CONTEMPORARIES, *Churchill wrote of Asquith: "The world, nature, human beings do not move like machines. The edges are never clear cut, but always frayed. Nature never draws a line without smudging it."*

He also wrote in THOUGHTS AND ADVENTURES *in* PERSONAL CONTACTS, *"In our affairs as in those of nature, there are always frayed edges, borderlands, compromises, anomalies. Few lines are drawn that are not smudged…"*

I don't think Churchill wrote as you quote. Do I get any free issues for pointing out the mistake?

Best wishes,
RUPERT PITT,
Alresford, Hants.

No — Ed.

Noteworthy

Sir,

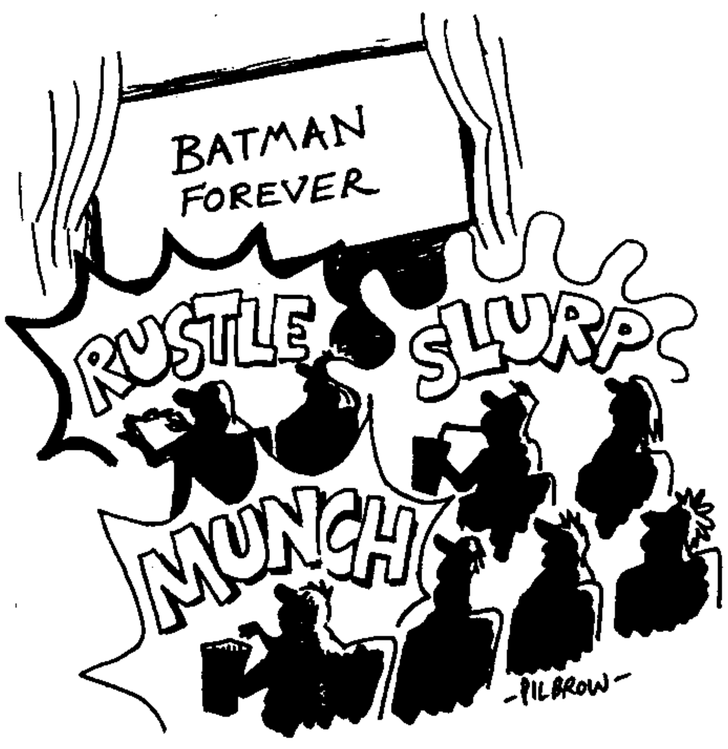
Re: Palumbo's Party (Hallo! EYE *877)*

Sorry chaps, but the great Oscar Peterson, far from being an American virtuoso jazz pianist, and despite being black, is actually Canadian. He was born in Montreal on 15 August 1925.

Although he's suffered constant pain from arthritis in his hands since childhood, and had a severe stroke last year, he's still the greatest jazz piano stylist around.

Not perhaps quite so wealthy as My Lord Palumbo, Peterson is nevertheless a millionaire several times over, so he won't have been playing there just for the pennies and a few beers…

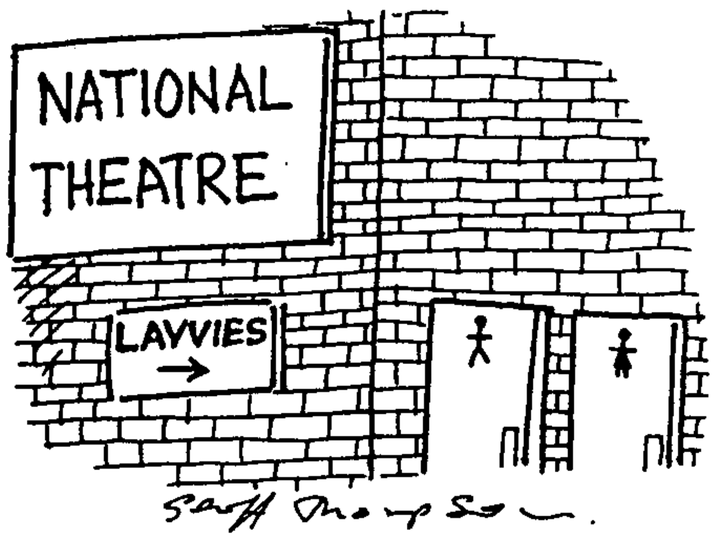
Regards,
PETER FYNN,
Princes Risboro, Bucks.



North-East Scotland

Submitted by Christina Sullivan. £10 paid for similar submissions. *(SAE required for return of photographs. No transparencies.)*

LUVVIES



The meeting broke up in a dishevelled exchange of first-night presents. Mine was an easy task: I gave everyone a freshly published copy of the play, each with an appropriate dedication. Stephen [Fry], characteristically, had bought everyone a Fortnum and Mason's hamper full of vodka, caviare, etc, while Rik [Mayall], equally characteristically, dished out dildos, etc, that he'd obtained from his local shop.

SIMON GRAY
Sunday Times

Submitted by Janice James.

An occasional column devoted to gems from the acting profession. £10 paid for similar submissions.

Fair enough

Sir,

Media News reports (EYE *877) that I have "a job as an occasional presenter on Radio 2", and suggests this may have led me to lavish praise on Radio 2's controller designate, James Moir.*

Over the last 22 years I have in fact hosted a grand total of six programmes on Radio 2 and this lucrative sideline has accounted for all of 0.4 percent of my income.

The new controller is unlikely to make me any less occasional, or he will be accused of Après Moir Le Deluge.

Yours sincerely,
PAUL DONOVAN,

London W4.

Kitchenwear

Sir,

Precisely 11 inches from Street of Shame's pots 'n' kettles piece about Dumpster's writing of someone who "could not **bare** *to see" something or other, the Marquesa writes of putting "a* **break** *on his spending".*

Pots 'n' kettles right back to you.

MICHAEL GROSVENOR MYER,
Haddenham, Cambridge.

Seeing double

Sir,

Your claim (Rotten Borough Advertiser, EYE *877) that I recently attended a meeting of Lambeth council's central services committee is wrong. While I did indeed "do time" as a Conservative member of Lambeth council from 1986-1990, I have attended no meetings at the town hall for over five years. Furthermore, I have not set foot in the building for at least four.*

Either I have a double or your source is visually challenged.

Yours faithfully,
JOHN BERCOW,

London SW1.

Copy right

Sir,

Distressed as I am about recent publicity (lots of it) concerning the disappearance, even theft, of Bob Monkhouse's joke books, I am pleased to pass on to him some good news for the future. There has been invented a system known by the name of PHOTO-COPYING, or something similar, whereby for as little as 4 pence a sheet of words may be replicated.

Yours sincerely,
NORMAN CROUCHER,

Ealing, London.

Please address letters for publication to Private Eye, 6 Carlisle Street, London W1V 5RG or e-mail to strobes@cix.compulink.co.uk (marked "For Publication"). And the Eye's WWW page can be seen at: http://www.intervid.co.uk/intervid/eye/gateway.html

Colemanballs

£10 paid for contributions

"Jim Callaghan had a good ear for the wind blowing from the grass roots."
SHIRLEY WILLIAMS, Radio 4
(J. Mowat)

"... and Mark Blundell stops with his front wheels stationary."
MURRAY WALKER, BBC2
(E.P. Churchill)

"Michael Atherton must think all his Christmases are coming home at once."
GEOFFREY BOYCOTT, BBC
(P. Sullivan)

"It looks as though this year there will be seventeen Grands Prix for the World Championship, compared with the traditional seventeen."
MURRAY WALKER, BBC2
(Jonathan Cocking)

Richard Madeley: *So you were working in South Africa before Nelson Mandela was even heard of. What was South Africa known as then?*
Caller: *South Africa.*
ITV
(Rose Chambers)

Letter from **Bangkok**

from Our Own Correspondent

THAILAND continues to undermine the efforts of the United Nations, the Paris peace accords and the international community by babysitting the Khmer Rouge and, despite assurances otherwise, shipping into Thailand as many of Cambodia's trees as it can.

This turns out to be a lot of trees. After some unpleasantness in January when it was shown that Thai logging companies, under the noses of the Thai military, were enjoying a cosy relationship with the Khmer Rouge, deputy foreign minister Surin Pitsuwan assured the world that Thailand's foreign trade in logging, gems and fish is conducted "...by the rules of that country (Cambodia) so it cannot be said we destroyed their environment".

Thailand closed its border with Cambodia in late 1994 to deny support to the Khmer Rouge, and as Cambodia implemented a total timber export ban in May — and Thailand "does everything by the rules of that country" — there can be no problem.

Er, not so. Cambodian trees are still coming in thick and fast. Admittedly the rainy season has closed most of the cross border passes, but that doesn't stop the boats. In the first eight days in May more than 24,000 cubic metres of timber entered our ports of Kalapandha and Map Ta Phut from Cambodia's Koh Kong province.

The Khmer Rouge receives US$35 per cubic metre for this timber, netting it a tidy US$850,500 from these two sites alone. Conservative estimates suggest that overall it receives an average of well over US$10 million a month from the timber trade, facilitated by our government and military.

It also has to be said that the border closure and our support for Cambodia's timber export ban would be much more effective if, in March, our then interior minister Sanan Khajornprasart had not signed timber export permits for Thai logging companies who have just signed new concessions with the Khmer Rouge.

Things would also be easier if we could make up our minds whether our government rules the military or whether it's the other way round. They both agree there are no Khmer Rouge links, and army tough guy and commander in chief of the armed forces, Wimol Wongwanich, recently said: "Logs are not toothpicks. How can we hide them in a suitcase?"

In fact the border is a martial law zone and these toothpicks are rather prominent most of its length — so either the military is telling little white lies or General Wimol needs his eyes tested.

HOM SAP

BY DAVID AUSTIN

FUNNY OLD WORLD

"Jesus is my Saviour," Raymond Springett told surprised magistrate Allan Moore at Manly Local Court, Sydney. "So, when Clarke started shouting that Jesus and me were buggers, naturally I had to hit him. I had no alternative."

Forty-nine-year old Springett, who was being charged with maliciously inflicting grievous bodily harm on Alan Clarke, recalled the events that had occurred on November 1st, on South Steyne beach: "Jesus is my pet rabbit. He has divine powers, and

likes seaweed. He lives in my trouser pocket and goes everywhere with me, but there's nothing sexual about it. We were walking round Manly after watching the Melbourne Cup, just looking for seaweed, when Clarke came up to me on the beach. He has a reputation for stabbing people, so I started talking to him gently about asparagus. I was telling him all about my kettle, when he suddenly began staring at Jesus, shouted 'You are an arsehole rabbit fucker, I'm not afraid of you,' and punched me in the face. Clarke had blasphemed against Jesus, so I punched him back and he hit the ground. He went crunch, that was his head hitting the concrete. He was out cold. I hit him but it was Jesus who made him have the brain haemorrhage and chip his teeth. The Lord moves in mysterious ways. I plead not guilty."

Springett was found guilty. *(Adelaide Advertiser, 28/6/95. Spotter — J.N. Loudon)*

—o—

o *"This toad madness must cease at once," Environment Minister Dr Mok Mareth declared to astonished Cambodian viewers during a party political broadcast. "Toads create balance in the ecosystem, and should be left to catch harmful insects that destroy crops in the field. Tens of thousands have been killed in recent months so, from this day forth, drinking the crushed fermented toad will become a punishable offence."*

Traditional healers in Phnom Penh, like Chay Seang Y, reacted angrily to the broadcast: "Toad wine is especially good for syphilis, and many other kinds of sexually transmitted diseases, eases the pain of piles and promotes good appetite and sleep. We only use fresh farmed toads which we buy at the market. We peel off the skin, dry them, fry them, crush them, and brew them with rice, wine and herbs. Toad wine can cure impotence, and it is even better than gecko wine at chasing viruses out of the blood. It is also a much cheaper way to enjoy alcohol than beer or whisky. That's why it is so popular."

A government spokesman confirmed that two psycho-active drugs, dimenthyltryptamine and bufotenine, are found in significant quantities in toads. (Phnom Penh Post 19 May-1 June 1995. Spotter — Donald S.Jackson)

—o—

o "Dining at the Nha Hang Bia Hoi restaurant in Hanoi earlier this year was an unforgettable experience," Jonathan Cartwright told readers of the *Far Eastern Economic Review*. "And, believe me, I should know. I've certainly tried to forget it plenty of times since.

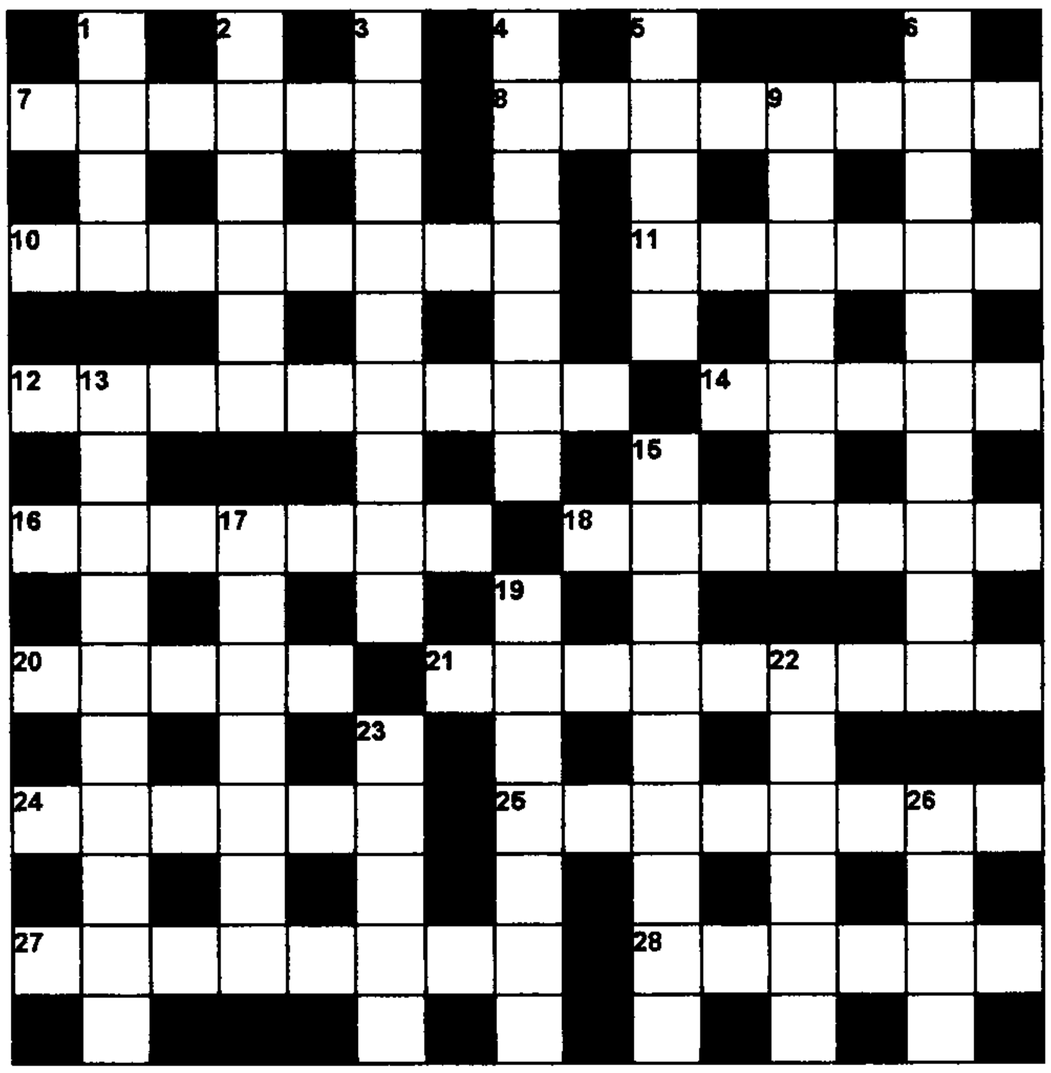
"When the waiter brought me the menu, it included unripe corncob soup, fried flour-coated frog, and fricasseed bull genitalia. Among the *amuse bouche* were very unamusing salted crickets, small packets of dung beetles, and giant red ants' eggs in a salad. Dog came in two styles, kebabed and steamed, and veal came in four styles — only kindled, burned, badly burned with raw lemon leaf, and burned with burned rice flour. But the piece de resistance was undoubtedly the *not born yet dead cow baby — stir fried*. A Western journalist at another table passed out when she read that." *(The Far Eastern Economic Review, 22/6/95. Spotter — Quentin Smith)*

COMPILED BY

Victor Lewis-Smith

EYE CROSSWORD 34 by Cyclops

£100 Winner RON MURRELL



ACROSS

7 (see 9)
8 A defence of the filth on some of our streets (4,4)
10 Targets achieved? Cobblers! (8)
11 Dicky, do pray take the piss (6)
12/22 He's supposed to keep Auntie under control but spells ruin to mother, peer and tramp, it's said (9,6)
14 Mark needs help, it's reported, after gun running initially (5)
16 The PM holds disastrous poll in terrible awe (7)
18 To hump one-time partner you'll need rough shave beforehand (4,3)
20 Soundly pissed off the management (5)
21 Central government might well end in farce (9)
24 Awful slut Brenda's province (6)
25 He gauges the public mood for bill to imprison students! (8)
27 Buggers do happen to corrupt (5-3)
28 Drug injector's prick (6)

DOWN

1 Hurd understood a tongue inside (4)
2 Yeltsin's first to enter a disorderly house, getting state protection (6)
3 Getting the benefit? Not he, crappy senate leader (2,3,4)
4 End of Conservatist bollocks on the Digger's operation — it's revolutionary! (7)
5 Prepares to clean up much of our tv output? (5)
6 A soft option for violent inmates? (6,4)
9/7 Nick 'Prig', 'Rat' Leeson losing head and getting right agitated (7,6)
13 Religious leaders say a 'Hallo' to endless perversion (10)
15 Thrash and stroke, enforced by whips (5,4)
17 Iran put in the shit by strict moralist (7)
19 Old man gobbled by you once — he likes going down on tarmac (3,4)
22 (see 12)
23 Followers of 4's tendency to evacuate in a rush (5)
26 Supermodel lewdly clasping supermodel (4)

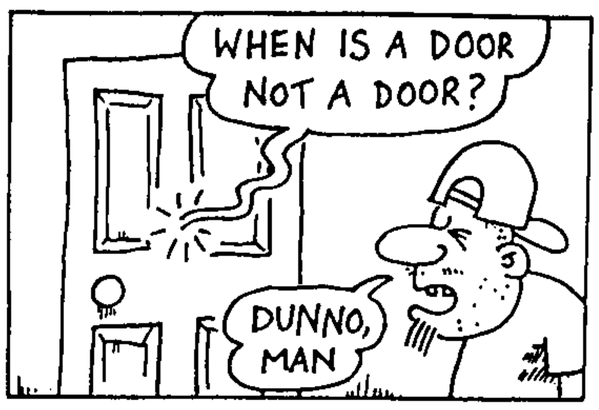
£100 prize to first correct solution opened on 18.08.95. Entries to "Crossword", Private Eye, 6 Carlisle Street, London W1V 5RG.

Solution to Crossword No. 33

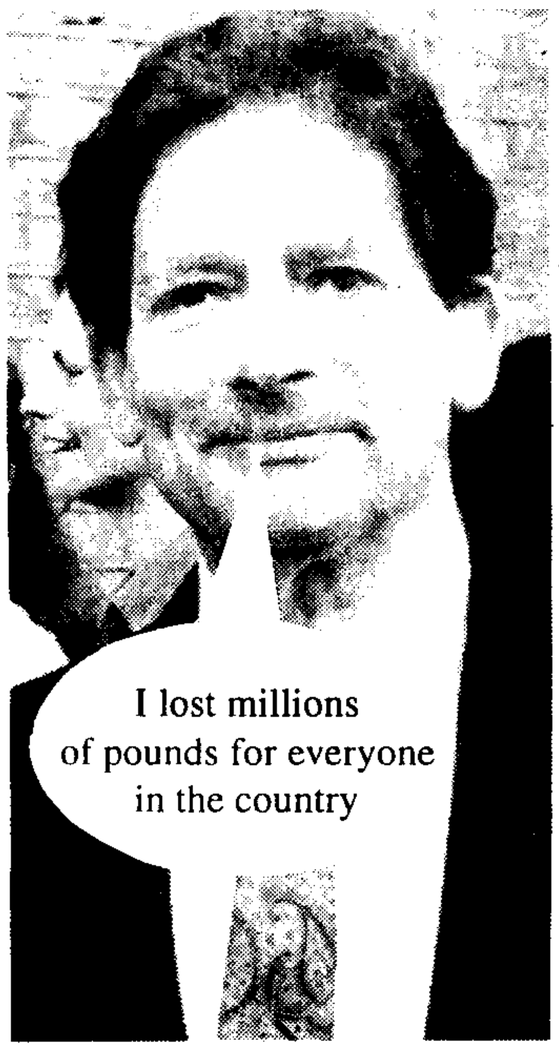
ACROSS: 7 Bailiffs 9 Ratner 10 Leader 11 Innuendo 12 The Directors 14 (See 26) 16 Othello 19 Off the record 23 Codpiece 24 In fits 25 On heat 26/14 Silicon implant.

DOWN: 1 Vasectomy 2 Pledge 3 Assizes 4 Brandt 5 St George 6 Merde 8/21 Foreign Office 13 Gladstone 15 Life peer 17 The Bill 18 Reverse 20 Treaty 21 (See 8) 22 Joint.

LAUGHTER WITH THE GANGSTA GUNMEN



THE FATTY LAWSON DIET



AN APOLOGY

The Serbs

In common with all other newspapers we may in recent years have given the impression that the Serbs were a bloodthirsty group of war criminals who needed to be taken on militarily and taught a lesson. Headlines such as NEW UN INITIATIVE, OWEN FEARFUL and STRING UP KARADJIC, IT'S THE ONLY LANGUAGE HE UNDERSTANDS may have given the impression that we somehow felt the Serbs were the aggressors in the chaos of former Yugoslavia.

In the light of this week's news we now realise that these sentiments were entirely misguided and that the Serbs are in reality the poor helpless victims of a ruthless fascist regime bent on ethnic cleansing and a desire to reinstate their historic (1991) borders at any cost.

We apologise to our readers for any confusion this may have caused.

Pat Holroyd, 51, who lives in a flat opposite the site, claimed she too witnessed sex acts through her binoculars, after being woken.

Telegraph & Argus

Hairdressing Assistant: Duties include hand sowing/hand finishing hair accessories. Must be worm in character, ability to empathise with people, some background knowledge of hairdressing.

Kensington Source

ATTROCIOUS TACKI

(The World's 2nd Worst Columnist)

Incredibly

LORD WHITE is a thoroughly good egg. He is very rich. So is Lord Hanson. I like them both very much indeed.

Thin

LORD JENKINS is a social climber and a snob. He is also middle-class. And not very rich. I really don't like him. All he does is suck up to the upper classes.

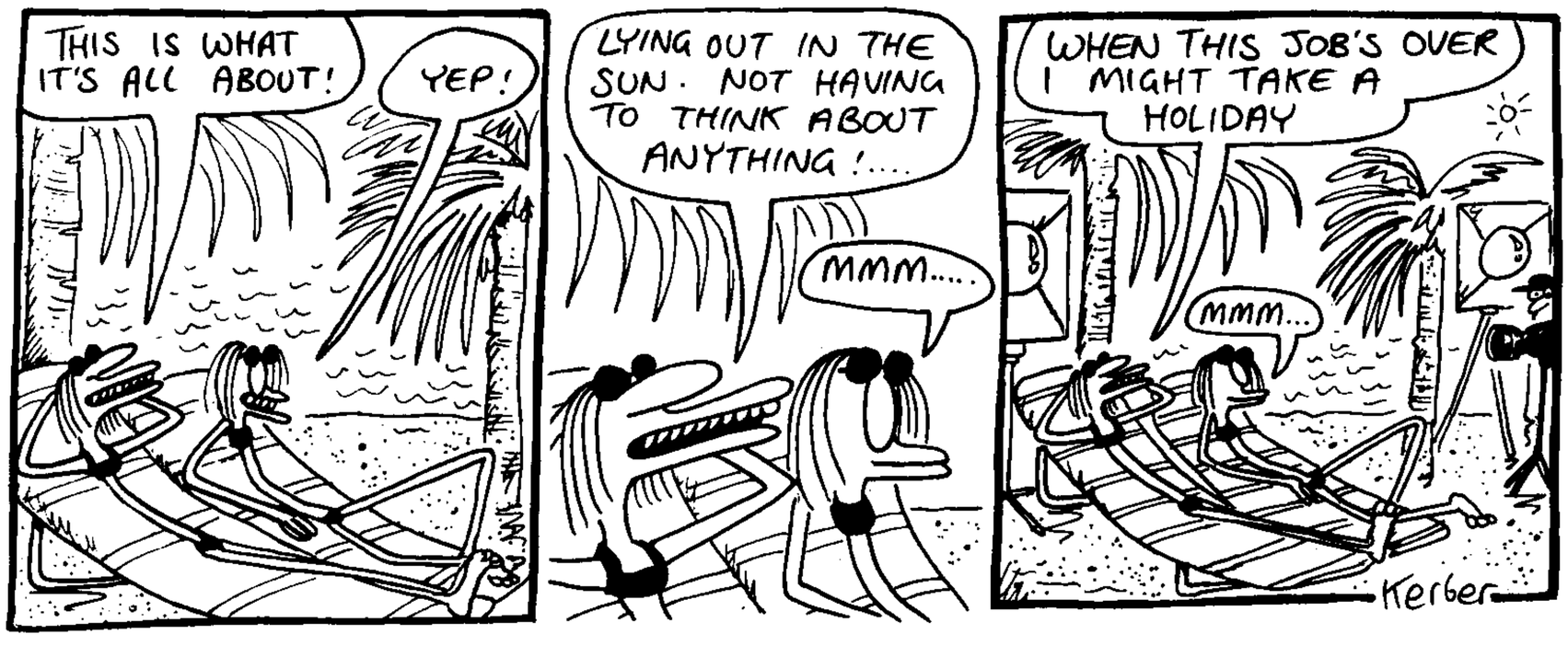
Stuff

MY OLD friend Lord Ipswich is terrifically rich. Yesterday he took me for a ride in his private jet. We flew all the way to Gstaad where we met the following rich people: Jimmy Goldsmith, Lord White, Lord Hanson and Lord Ipswich. I like them all very much.

NEXT WEEK: Taki meets some more rich people and names them in his column.

SUPERMODELS

Neil Kerber


THIS IS WHAT IT'S ALL ABOUT!
YEP!
LYING OUT IN THE SUN. NOT HAVING TO THINK ABOUT ANYTHING!....
MMM.....
WHEN THIS JOB'S OVER I MIGHT TAKE A HOLIDAY
MMM...
Kerber

Silly Season Special

IS BARRYMORE FUNNY?

An *Eye* Probe

FRIENDS of TV's Michael Barrymore have always claimed in private that the top star is "funny". He has been seen telling jokes and consorting with well-known comedians.
But the *Eye* can now reveal exclusively that behind the public facade of a drunken homosexual, Barrymore is an entirely straight man who has never been able to make jokes with *(cont. p. 94)*

Poetry Corner

Lines on the 95th Birthday of Her Majesty the Queen Mother

by the Poet Laureate TED HUGHESLESS

Old soak
(Shurely 'oak'? Ed)
Standing in the
Forest

Old Oakie.

Gnarled, wrinkled
Standing proud.

Tree Thirsty.

Roots cry
Out for
Gin and Tonic
(Shurely 'water'? Ed).

Gulp. Gulp.

Old Oakie feels
Better.

Happy Birthday
Your
Majesty.

(You're Fired — H.M.
Bring back Betjeman)

The Secret Diary of John Major aged 47¾

Friday

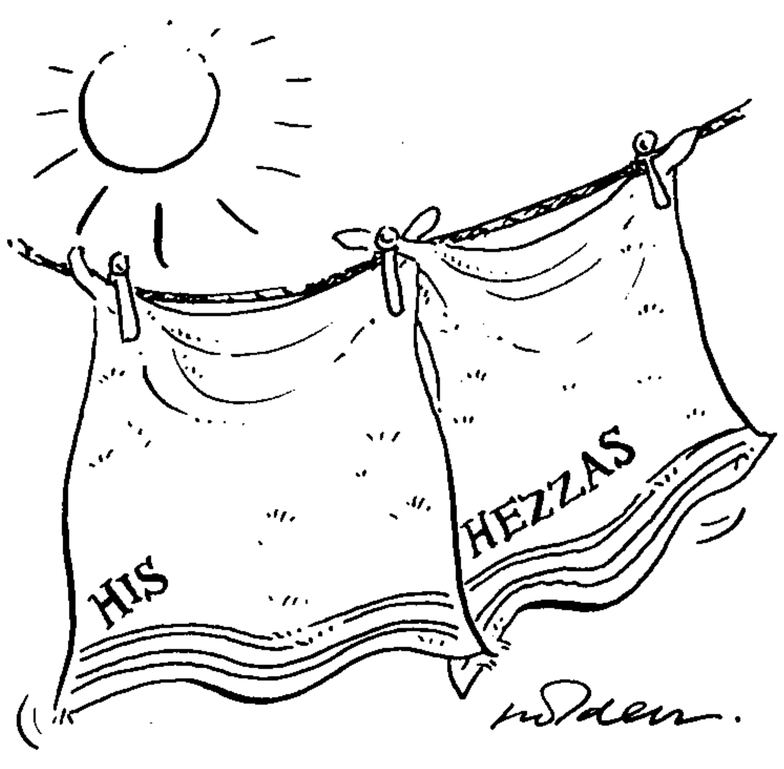
At last things are coming right, after my great election victory over Mr Redwood. There was a by-election in a place called Littleborough and Saddleworth, or was it Saddleborough and Littleworth? I must ask our new party chairman Mr Mawhinney. Anyway, all the newspapers said we were going to do very badly but we did not, as these results show;

Mervyn Cannabis-Smyth (Lib Dem)	14,612
Robin Dirtytricks (New Labour)	14,611
Sutch, Screaming Lord (Monster Raving Loony Party)	672
Blobby, Mr (Crinkley Bottom More Cash For Noelie Party)	671
The Hon. David Twistleton-Cholmondley-Spartlesworth (Dave Spart — Workers Revolutionary Front Against Veal Exports and the Criminal Justice Bill)	86
Dr Christopher Barking-Mad (Anti EC Regulations and Pro-Smoking Alliance)	81
Kevin Zak (Bring Back Robbie Into Take That Party)	41
C.P.V. Spivester (Conservative)	3

When you think how many people said we would get no votes at all, it is obvious that we have pulled off a very remarkable and encouraging result. The fight back has begun. Oh yes.

Saturday

Today is a very unhistoric day and perhaps the blackest day of my whole time as prime minister. Sir George Young, who Mr Heseltine has put in charge of our Ministry of Traffic, came in this morning to tell me the terrible news. Apparently the Cones Hotline has been closed down. I asked Mr Sir George Young if this was due to the very hot weather we have been having recently. "No," he said, "it's just a pathetic idea — whoever thought it up must have been a prize idiot." "I think that might be a little harsh," I was beginning to tell him, but he interrupted me in a manner which I consider in my judgement to be rather rude. "Listen," he said. "It has cost the taxpayer £815,000 a day. Only three people have rung up since last July. And they were wrong numbers." I made a note to tell Mr Heseltine when I get back from holiday that he has made in my view a very poor appointment. It is quite obvious that Mr Sir George Young has no idea how important cones are, and that the Cones Hotline could have won us the next election. If we lose, we shall all know who to blame!

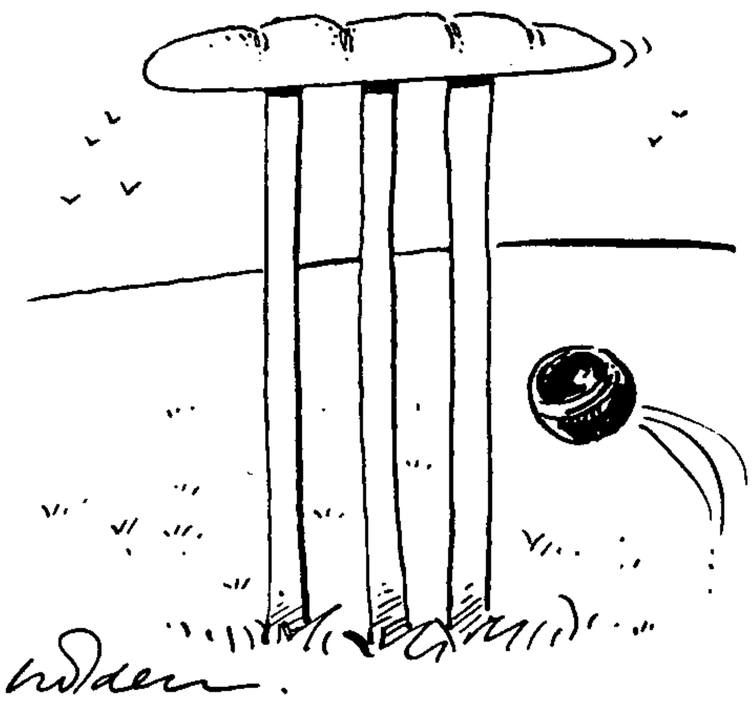


Sunday

At last I am in the heart of Europe, which is where I always said I would be. You see, another election promise kept! Today my wife Norman and I arrived for our holiday at a little village called Prozac in a place called Dordogne which is in France. It is very nice and everyone is very friendly. My first job was to fix the filter on the swimming pool, and I decided to ask the French peasant next door to assist since all the instructions were written in German. I could not help noticing that he was reading the *Daily Telegraph*. Nevertheless I decided that it would only be polite to speak to him in his own language. "Excusez-moi, monsieur," I said. "Ou-est la gare, s'il vous plait?". He looked at me in surprise and said in perfect English: "I know who you are. You're that Terry Major-Ball who's always on the telly. My wife's a big fan. In fact we've brought your book out to read by the pool. I've just got to the bit where your brother paints all the gnomes with the wrong colour hats. Fiona and I nearly died laughing." I decided that we could do without the swimming pool filter after all.

Monday

It is very like Britain here in Europe, which proves just how those Euro-sceptics have got it all wrong. The French have copied many things from the English way of life. On our way to the village shop, which is called Le Tesco, we even saw a cricket match being played. When one old French peasant took a wicket, another shouted out "I say, Nigel, jolly well bowled." It is amazing how like us they are. Mr Portaloo and Mr Redwood would soon change their tune if they came here. Perhaps Mr Heseltine could organise a holiday for them here too. This evening Norman and I went out to a typical local restaurant, since we had been told that Dordogne is famous for its French cuisine. It was called "The Frog and Trumpet" and served such traditional dishes as "Le Ploughman's", "Le Scampi et Frites" and "Le Pizza —



Pan Profond". It was very delicious indeed. I am now totally relaxed and have completely stopped thinking about Mr Blair and his so-called New Labour Party, which is not new at all in my judgement.

Tuesday

I was just beginning to wonder what was happening back in England, when we bumped into our other neighbour, Monsieur Fishwick, putting out his empty gas cylinder. "I see good old Hezza's getting the country sorted out at last while that idiot Major's abroad," he said. "All in the *Express*," he went on. "Do you want to borrow it?" I took his paper back to our gîte to read by the pool and saw that Mr Heseltine had called a huge press conference to announce his plans for the country. "I am going to abolish the Civil Service, burn all the red tape and save Britain £300 billion," he had said. "There are too many grey men in positions of power who should be sacked, or at least sent off on long holidays." For some reason I am beginning to be suspicious of Mr Heseltine. I read this out to Norman who said: "You should watch your back, John." "That is very kind of you, Norman," I said. "Will you please rub in some more of that sun cream?"

Wednesday

Today my wife Norman and I went to see the historic cave paintings at Mogadon. It was very dark inside and to my mind the paintings looked like doodles of the type that Mr Waldegrave does on his pad during cabinet meetings. I did not like them. Oh no.

On the coach on the way back I sat next to Monsieur Newman. He spoke perfect English too and said he had heard something amazing on the World Service. Apparently Mr Heseltine had scored a great triumph in getting a German firm called Siemens to set up in Britain.

"Hezza's the only one with any flair," agreed a Madame Cash, who has a big house nearby. "That's right," struck up Madame Atullah who apparently owns a lot of the land where we are staying. "He's the Prime Minister in all but name."

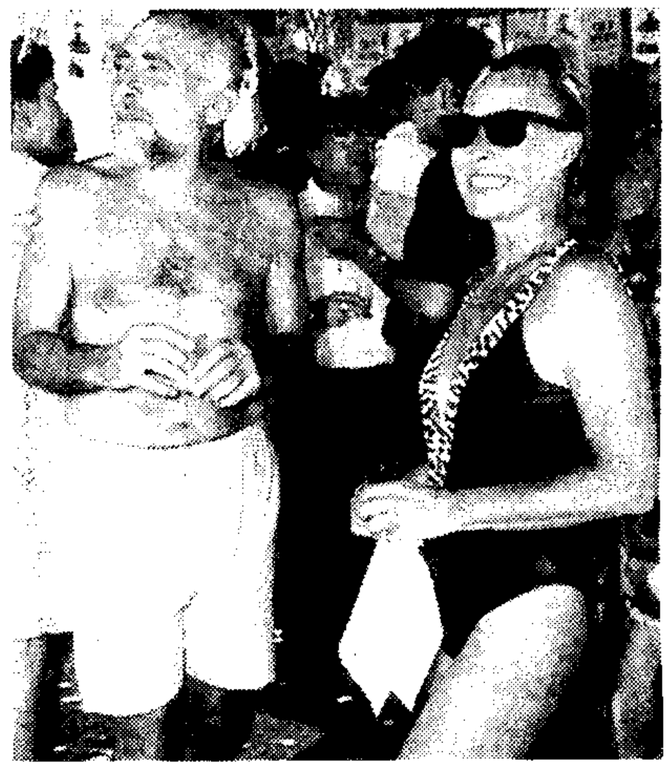
Then the whole coach joined in a rousing chorus of "Oh My Darling Heseltine" all the way home.

Continuing the hugely popular Sunday supplement you can read exclusively in every paper

IPFRONTERS GOES ON HOLIDAY

Phew what a scorcher! It's 100 degrees in the shades! And **Danny** Boy is **Baker**ing hot! No wonder he's grabbing hold of a bit of **Frostrup**! That's cool, **Mariella**!

Hugh! What a scorcher! He's not taking **Liz** for **Grant**-ed this time! It's **Hurley** days but it looks like the couple are backs together again! Very Estée Laudable, to be sure!



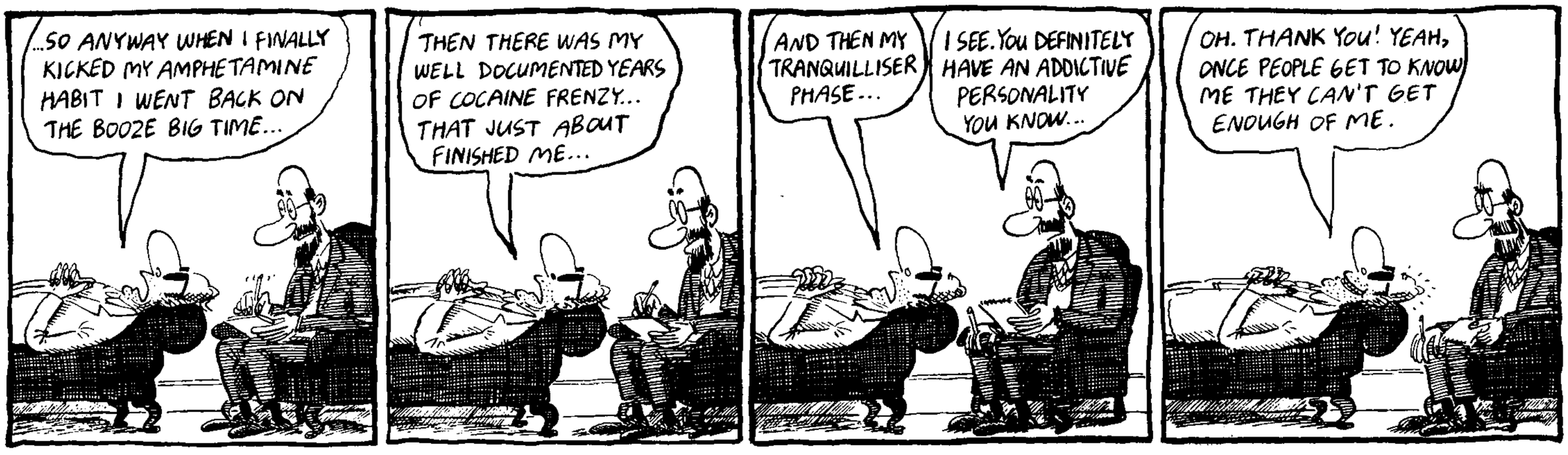
Here's a fine Royal pair! If you don't mind us saying so, Ma'am! Are we taking the **Princess Michael**? Or will the **Prince** just grin and beard it?! You **Kent** tell with these two!

Greer's us a kiss, **Ken**! It's not **Germaine** to the issue, but could they be **Livingstone** together? Red Alert everybody!

Great **Scott**! What the **Elton**'s going on? She's asking the way to the **John** — and he thinks he may have **Selina** before somewhere! Maybe she'll be recording her greatest hats! *(This is terrible. Keep it up. Ed.)*

Robbie's not going solo at the moment! He's decided to Take That! And who can blame him when the lady in question is a beautiful **Modahl**! Try running away from **Diane** and you won't get far! It'll be a test-osterone for both of you!

Watch out, it's the **Souness** Monster! Just like a Golden **Graham**! But what a lottery **Anthea**'s got! 36-24-36! Those are *her* winning numbers! But will he **Turner** out or get his hands on her jackpot? *(This is pathetic. More please.)*


...SO ANYWAY WHEN I FINALLY KICKED MY AMPHETAMINE HABIT I WENT BACK ON THE BOOZE BIG TIME...
THEN THERE WAS MY WELL DOCUMENTED YEARS OF COCAINE FRENZY... THAT JUST ABOUT FINISHED ME...
AND THEN MY TRANQUILLISER PHASE...
I SEE. YOU DEFINITELY HAVE AN ADDICTIVE PERSONALITY YOU KNOW...
OH. THANK YOU! YEAH, ONCE PEOPLE GET TO KNOW ME THEY CAN'T GET ENOUGH OF ME.

'LEAVE YOURSELVES AT HOME' Public urges Ministers

by Our Environment Staff
Lunchtime O'Zone

THE GENERAL public today advised all ministers to stay at home for reasons of public health.

"Just remain in your homes. Don't go to work and, if possible, don't do anything at all." That was the message today from anxious citizens concerned about the unpleasant effect that ministers were having on the atmosphere.

"Ministers are clearly responsible for hot air and noxious gases," said one man in the street, "and they are strongly advised to steer clear of the city of Westminster, where they do the country irreperable damage."

Another said: "Exposure to too much of Mrs Bottomley left me gasping. They've got to be stopped."

The temperature is 94°C.

MIGHTY MORPHINE POWER RANGES THE MOVIE (PG)
Programmes Daily at:
1.15, 3.35, 5.50, 8.05

MGM Bury St Edmunds

IT'LL be a repeat of yesterday this morning: dull and overcast with the odd Spanish student appearing in all areas. This afternoon will see a slight improvement with bright spells and an increase in temperatures.

Sunday World (Dublin)

Great Bores Of Today.

"... I've never known anything like it you know it's hotter in this office than it is in Riyadh and there it's 110° I couldn't sleep a wink last night could you? and I couldn't have the window open because of all the noise god it's hot isn't it? I must have lost a stone at least look at me I'm dripping I thought yesterday was hot but I've never known anything like it this fan's useless but you can't buy one anywhere we're just not geared up to this climate are we? if this office was in America we'd have air conditioning by law I got in my car at lunchtime and I burned my hands on the steering wheel literally I did everything sticks to you trousers chair everything nothing's cold you can't get any ice the milk goes off I've never known anything like it this office is like an oven you can't work in it can you? you can't eat you can't breathe when's it all going to end? Michael Fish reckons there's at least another week of it I've never known anything like it..."

The Alternative Rocky Horror Service Book

No. 94. A Service of Reconciliation To Mark The 50th Anniversary Of The Allied War Crimes At Hiroshima And Nagasaki.

The President *(of the Phuwotascorcha Corporation, Tokyo, new owners of Westminster Abbey):* Welcome, honoured guests, to this Peace Ceremony to mark Britain's repentance for its past in the unforgivable act of genocide perpetrated against the innocent people of Imperial Japan in 1945.

All: Ah, so.

The President: I shall now ask the Archbishop of Canterbury to offer a formal apology for British war crimes.

Dr Carey-Flannel: You know... in a very real sense... war terrible business... faults on both sides.

The President *(voice rising to a scream):* No, Archbishop. Fault on one side only.

Carey: Alright, have it your own way, since you own the building.

The Choir shall then whistle the anthem "Col. Bogey" from the film The Bridge Over The River Kwai (new version showing how British prisoners tortured their Japanese captors by dying in their thousands of starvation).

The Dismissal

The President: Sayonara, English johnnies. For you the service is over.

All leave

The Daily Telegraph 35p

FINAL

FRIDAY, AUGUST 11, 1995

Good News For Tories

Record Temperatures Boost Major's Election Hopes

By Our Political Staff Hugh Wotascorcher

AT LAST it's good news for the Tories!

As Britain sweltered in the greatest heatwave since records were kept, top government sources were convinced that the elusive "feelgood factor" had at last returned.

As supermarket check-out girl Sharon Waterhouse, 19, stripped to her undies and dived into the Serpentine, she said: "It's fantastic! Who wants Benidorm when you've got Tory weather like this?"

From Berwick to Biggleswade, from Cockermouth to Kircud-bright, from *(Get on with it. Ed)*, the story was the same.

Old age pensioners danced in fountains, toddlers played happily in tropical-style sunshine, and Britain's Mr Whippys clocked up record sales.

Major-ca

No wonder flights were diverted from Hawaii and Florida to Tory Gatwick and Edward Heath-row.

Make no mistake! Britain's weather is leading the world!

As one top Tory put it: "We have put in the groundwork for this weather over the last 16 years — and now at least we are reaping the benefits.

"And all thanks to John Major and his new Cabinet team, under Mr Heseltine."

Clean Blair Act

However, the Opposition were quick to point out that the Tories have got it wrong again about the weather.

"What we want is sensible New Labour rain," said a front bench spokesman. "Only Tony Blair and New Labour can produce the sort of drizzle that can make Britain wet again."

The New Lib Dems under Paddy Ashdown said that both the old new parties had got it wrong.

"What Britain needs is not sunshine or rain," said Mr Splashdown. "What we need is the unique combination of fog and mist which only the new Dem Libs can provide."

Tory Test Triumph

By Our Political Staff Will Len Hutton

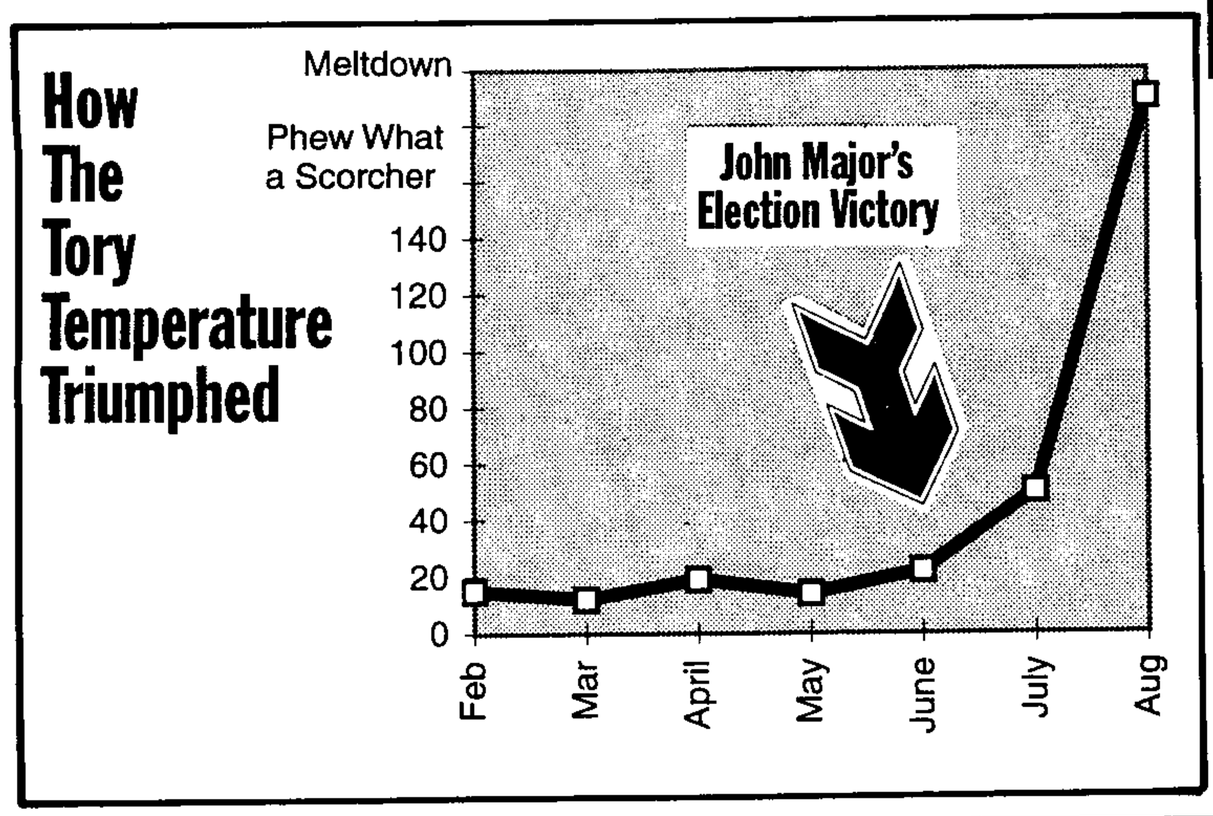
TORY election hopes soared yesterday when England won yet another Test Match.

Mike Atherton's men trounced the West Indies with a stunning display of Tory bowling and Conservative batting.

Said a source close to Number 10: "We have put in the groundwork for this victory for ten years and at last we are reaping the reward."

and girlfriend Liz Hurley (see pics pp 7-14) have decided to "stay together" until the next general election.

Said one top Tory source: "I think this has to be seen as a personal triumph for John. We have been laying the ground for this for the last 16 years, and now at last we are reaping the rewards."



Liz and Hugh Together Again – Thanks to Major

'Rift Healed'

By Our Political Staff Simon Hefferniceday

THE DISUNITY which has plagued the country ever since the sleaze factor hit Hugh Grant has at last come to an end.

Thanks to Mr Major's election victory over John Redwood, Hugh

Plus Special Readers' Offer

The Daily Telegraph 'Outback' Hat. The battery-powered Panama-style hat with internal fan will keep you cool in tropical Britain. Ideal for Glyndebourne, Garsington, Goodwood or the Garrick.

INSIDE ■ M25 on fire as hundreds flee melting tar horror 3 ■ Heatcrazed ants attack toddler, 4 ■ Car fumes will kill millions says Gummer 7 ■ Why oh why is it so hot? asks red-faced lunatic Paul Johnson 8 ■ Why women should take all their clothes off in the heat, by Dr Le Fanu (plus loads of pics) 9 ■ Prom audience suffocates to death in Mahler agony 10

The Eye Focuses On The Burning Literary Issue Of The Moment

Reprinted from the Times Literary Supplement (shurely 'the Sun'? — Ed)

10 TELL TALE SIGNS WHICH PROVE THAT JANE AUSTEN WAS GAY

1. She was a woman.
2. She was unmarried.
3. She wrote under a man's name *(No she didn't – that was T.S. Eliot. Ed).*
4. She slept in the same bed as her sister.
5. Her sister slept in the same bed as her.
6. She wrote a lot of books, just like Jeanette Winterson.
7. Austen is a well known man's name.
8. She looks like one of them.
9. Er...
10. That's it.

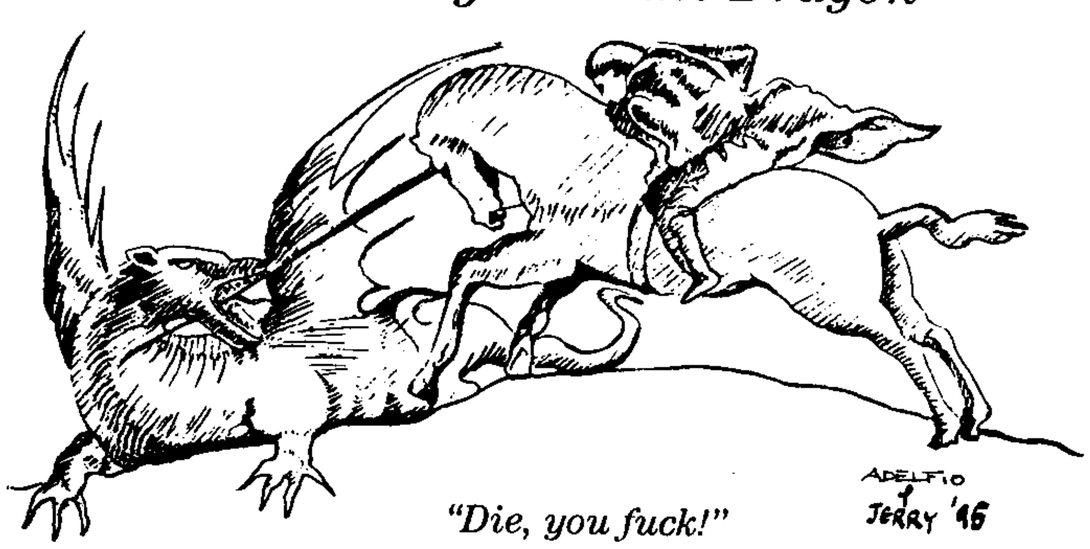
And if you still don't believe us, just look at the titles of her books:
Gay Pride and Prejudice
Of That Persuasion
My Naughty Lesbos Nights With Julie Burchill *(surely 'Sense and Sensibility'? Ed)*

WAS JANE GAY?

Call Jeremy Paxman now on 01-2485-612411
Remember — YOU DECIDE

TARANTINTORETTO

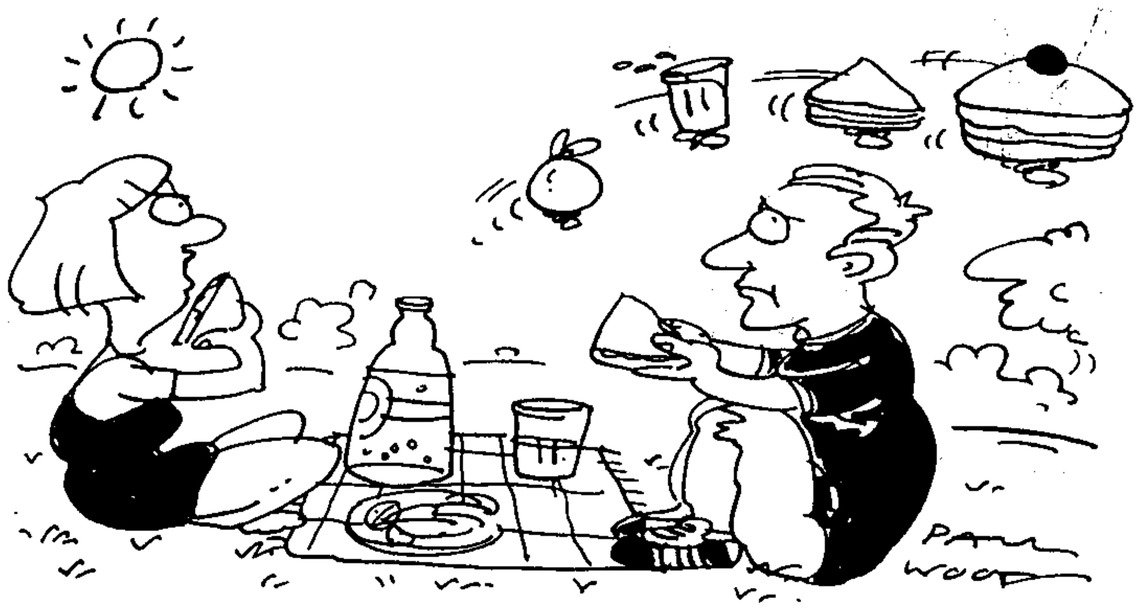
Saint George and the Dragon



"Die, you fuck!"

Richmond council is inviting the public to submit planning proposals for the 1920s' WC, which has seen no movement for three to four years.

Richmond Informer



"Bloody flying ants!"

WITH KIDS IN MIND

An Eye Annual Cut Out 'n' Keep School Holiday Special

7 Aug. Lincoln's Inn Fields. All Day. Slovenian Puppet Theatre. Famous folk tales acted out by graduates of the renowned Zibgob Academy. Stories include "Misolovsha and the Bear", "The Great Castle of Blomsk" and "The Tragic Tale of Irma Kurtz". **Age 3-7.** *Admission free.*

9 Aug. Yeovil Castle. Re-creation of the Civil War Battle of Barriemoor (1644) by members of the East Somerset Fire Brigade. Authentic costumes and taped sound effects. 2 performances hourly. **Age 12 onwards.** *Admission £17.50.*

15 Aug. Douglas Town Hall, Isle of Man. Exhibition of traditional Celtic Harps and Flutes. Workshops with master instrument makers and special evening concert by Siobahn Doing and Finbarr Boing. **Age 15+.** *Admission 5p (4p unwaged).*

23 Aug. Insect-o-Rama, Nottingham. New educational theme park with thrilling Ant-Rides and Underwater Spider Experience. **Age 2+.** *Admission £25 per car.*

31 Aug. Tate Gallery, Liverpool. All Day. Junior Turner Prize. Kids are invited to do whatever they like in a mixed media environment and create their own masterpieces. **Age Under 5.** *Admission: Free.* **£25,000 to winner.** (Judges: Maggie Hambling, George Melly and Joanna Lumley.)

All Sept. McDonalds. Take your children out for a MacHoliday Treat (MacBurger, MacFries, MacShake, MacIndigestion). All for under £3.99. *(That's quite enough. Ed.)*

Peter McKay's Top Ten Tips for Keeping Cool in the Heatwave

1. Wrap up warm.
2. Close all windows and doors.
3. Turn on central heating.
4. Drink plenty of hot soup.
5. Wear extra socks in bed.
6. Stay indoors at all times.
7. Er...
8. Isn't life grandy?
9. And dandy??
10. That's it.

© The World's Worst Columnist

NO LINK BETWEEN BRAGG AND VIOLENCE New Study Shock

by Our Media Staff **Peter Feedback**

THERE is no link between watching Melvyn Bragg on TV and wanting to commit acts of violence, reveals a new report by Prof. Delwyn Barg of the Arndale Centre University Media Studies Unit, Croydon.

Prof. Barg examined no fewer than 10 cases of people watching the *South Bank Show*.

They were exposed to explicit scenes showing;

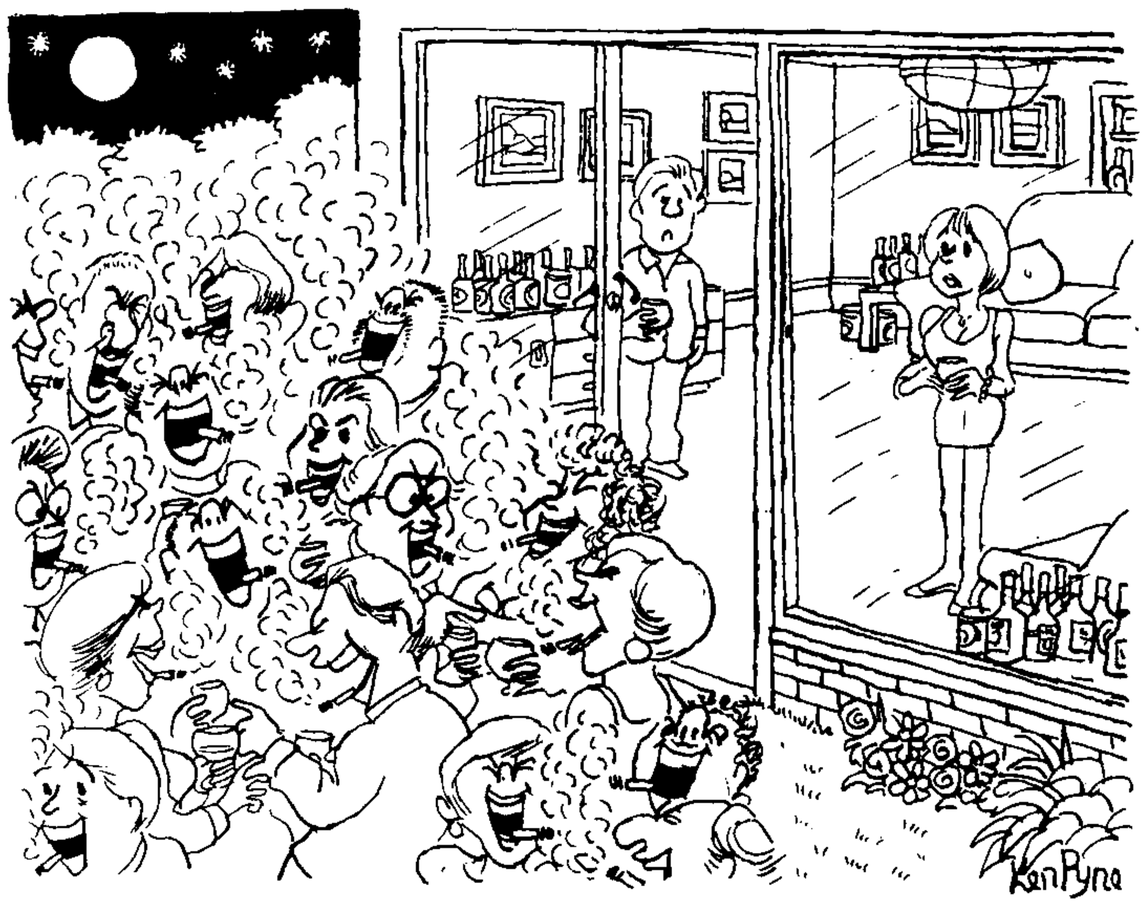
- **American photographers taking pictures of black men in Y-Fronts.**
- **Australian alternative comedians in live performance at the Brisbane Com-Fest.**
- **A special 2-hour interview with top playwright Simon Gray.**
- **Hester Trolley and her Blue-Grass Girls, an all-woman Country and Western band from Kentucky.**
- **The Three Tenors — behind-the-scenes at their now legendary concert in the Maastricht Conference Centre in front of a specially invited audience including M. Santer, President Mitterrand and M. Jacques Poos, the Luxembourg foreign minister.**

Prof. Barg found that after being subjected to these programmes, viewers had reacted in the following ways;

1. Kicked in TV screen	4%
2. Banged head against wall	8%
3. Committed other acts of self-immolation	6%
4. Set fire to house	4%
5. Expressed desire to "string Mr Bragg up"	78%
6. Switched over channels, turned off set, went out to video shop, retired to bed	12%

According to Prof. Barg, this proves conclusively that: "My friend Melvyn is absolutely brilliant and should be made Minister of the Arts by Tony Blair."

"Just my luck – you're God and not the National Lottery!"



Extracts from the SCOTT DIARY

The Final Hours of a Very Gallant English Gentleman

August 1st

OH GOD! This is an impossible task. We are already eight months overdue and still there is no end in sight. Today another 300 pages from Waldegrave nearly buried us, but somehow we kept going.

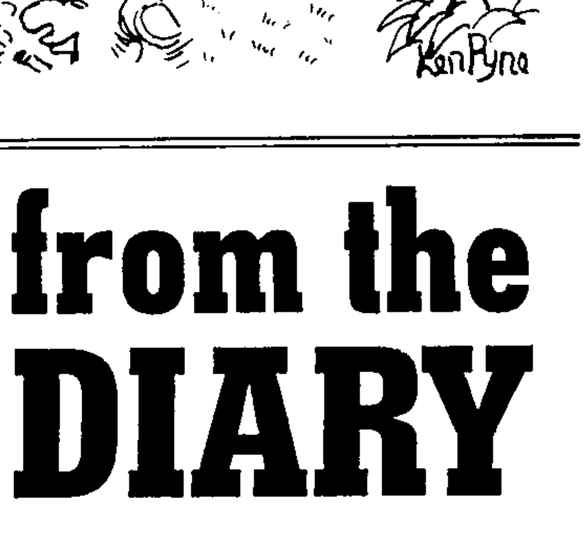
August 4th

POOR Presiley Baxendale! It has been too much for her. I think the Howe Paper Mountain will finish her off. She has had no sleep now for three months. Always reading, reading, reading...

August 9th

ANOTHER impasse! The Attorney General is blocking our way with over 500 pages of objections. Can we find a way around? I should never have taken on this job. I wanted to serve my country, do something to make Britain proud again.

But we are forgotten. Snowed in by a Whitehall blizzard.



August 12th

BAXENDALE walked out of the office today saying she could be gone for some time. This leaves me all alone. Oh God...

Here the writing trails away and only a few words can be deciphered. Bastard... Waldegrave... Supergun... Alan Clark... Thatcher...

Scott was discovered underneath an 800ft avalanche of memoranda. He never did reach his goal of producing a report on the Arms to Iraq affair.

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To £23K + Bonking Bens **City**

High level security strategy for major player in the money-broking business; provide user analysis and installation/tweaking of current systems to specification.

PC News

LR91R Spelling Startegies BS 02-Mar-96

Beaconsfield Adult Education Centre Weekend Courses

WANTED, LADY WALKING partner with book of 1001 Pembrokeshire walks. Send photo of book to Box No.

Western Telegraph

CARRY ON PSEUD!

THE NEW Carry On film set in a Media Studies Department where the staff are earnestly analysing the role of the Carry On genre in British cinematography.

Starring **Kenneth Williams** as Professor Ivor Thesis, **Sid James** as Professor Arty Farty and **Barbara Windsor** as the gorgeous Dee Construction.

(Silly music. Dee enters with her PhD in her hand)

Thesis: Blimey, that's a big one!

Dee: Cheeky!

Thesis: Research paper on a post-modern approach to Carry On films, I meant!

Dee: I've come to give it to you.

Farty: I'd like to give it to you!!

Dee: Ooh-er!

Thesis: We're reconsidering the whole Carry On *oeuvre* as a sort of self-referential statement of high camp. Because let's face it, the films have had their knockers!

Dee: Cheeky!

Farty: We're going to get to the bottom of their lasting appeal.

Dee: Ooh-er!

Thesis: Irony! Irony! They've all got irony!

Farty: As comedy, I think it stands up pretty well.

Thesis: I wish mine did!

Dee: Cheeky!

Farty: That's the crux of it!

Dee: Ooh-er!

Thesis: It's exactly what my piece said in the *Guardian*.

Farty: Was it a big one?

Dee: Cheeky!

Thesis: No, I did a very good job.

Farty *(holding nose):* Crikey! I hope you opened the window!

Dee: Ooh-er!

(Continues for several hours)

FANTASY BOREDOM LEAGUE
Summer Eye Game

● **All you have to do is to pick the writers who you think will write the most boring column in the next month.**

● **Pick your Fantasy Boredom team from any of Britain's top newspaper columnists and see how they perform.**

For example: will **Alan Coren** write about his amusing French neighbours at his Provençal holiday home? Will **Victoria Coren** tell us about the trauma of getting your A-level results? Will **Anne Applebaum** write about events in Bosnia from an uninteresting angle? Will **Stephen Glover** write about how good the *Independent* was in his day?

Any of the above will win you ten points, plus bonus if they write the same piece twice.

Last month's winner was Mrs Ethel Prunehat of Surbiton who chose the unbeatable combination of Dominic Lawson, William Rees-Mogg and Niall Fergusson.

Literary Review

Prose and cons

The Temporary
Rachel Cusk
(Macmillan, £9.99)

OF HER first novel, *Saving Agnes*, the *Times* wrote: "Rachel Cusk is the outstanding discovery of the year." Of her current one, the same newspaper, in the person of literary editor Daniel Johnson, pronounced: "Does for 1990s London what Conrad did for the sea, or Hardy for Wessex."

The *Times*, by the way, is a fine, independent-minded organ: the fact that Ms Cusk writes for it now and again has nothing to do with these encomia. No, I'm serious.

Not since Jeanette's *Written On The Body*, perhaps, or Candia McWilliams' last one has a female prose style fancied itself quite so much. And I mean *fancied itself*. In fact this grossly over-extended tale of an aimless young couple from the West Hampstead borders and their mistrustful, low-key love affair is nothing more than a vehicle for an eyecatchingly overwrought kind of fine writing that one rather assumed had met its death in the late 1870s.

Check out Francine, the farouche heroine, taking a walk: "She had been disappointed by the park, for having decided to grace the art of contemplation with her indulgence in it, it had not occurred to her that the proper accoutrements for its execution would fail to present themselves." Alternatively, here's the hero, game Ralphie, sussing that he's overslept by checking the alarm against a second timepiece: "It's remarkable confirmation filled Ralph with a curious elation at his feat of oblivion."

Gosh! You can't buy style like that at Sainsbury's, can you, and no doubt the shades of Messrs Conrad and Hardy are just kicking themselves. There's more, though. Later, entertaining Francine *à deux* at his flat, Ralph wonders about taking her out for a drink, but eventually decides against it. Why? "It would be unwise to animate the strange creature they made together and watch what he knew would be its ghastly, fleeting dance." Of course it would.

Even situational detail comes weighed down with orotundity. "Francine's flat was irrefutably located at the western end of Mill Lane, and much as she might try to clothe the fact in whimsically stated preferences for longer walks to leafier branches of transportation, the tube station at Kilburn was undeniably her most expeditious point of contact with the outside world." No, really?

Inevitably the gossamer-thin plot about Francine's pregnancy and the intervention of Ralph's tedious friend Stephen doesn't stand a chance when pitted against this onslaught of governessy portentousness. To be fair to Ms Cusk, she has quite a decent line on the foibles of bedsitterland and unbends sufficiently to make a joke or two, but, ah me, I'm getting old and the ability to write like Ruskin's haughty elder sister used not to be considered an accomplishment in a gal.

As for Mr Johnson and his guff about Conrad and Hardy, how *do* these people get these jobs?

Books & Bookmen

☐ WITH London publishing currently going through one of its periodic bouts of bloodletting (80 redundancies at HarperCollins, 7 per cent of the workforce gone at Viking Penguin), a disproportionately large amount of newspaper space has been doled out to "I told you so" threnodies by erstwhile gentlemen publishers.

Only last month a whole page of the *Independent* was given to Jeremy Lewis (ex Chatto, Deutsch, OUP and others too numerous to mention) to lament the decline of Penguin, while beneath Christopher Sinclair Stevenson bewailed the probable dismemberment of Viking Penguin's Hamish Hamilton list, which he had nurtured for so long, the end of the editor and the stranglehold of the accountant on quality publishing.

And jolly good it was, too. Naturally anyone with a brain would want to see more promising first novels and fewer lavishly hyped pieces of tat. And yet... and yet... If we were to single out any of the people responsible for the decline of literary publishing in this country, Christopher Sinclair Stevenson is, unhappily, one of the leading candidates.

During his tenure at Hamish Hamilton, Sir Serious published whole van-loads of first-rate books but ran the firm at a loss. Consistently. The reason he ran it at a loss was that he spent too much money on books that never recouped and weighed down the list with inferior offerings written by his friends. When Viking Penguin finally lost patience, what did he do? He set up on his own, squandered the capital within 18 months (hundreds of thousands to Peter Ackroyd, lots of stuff by his chums) and had to be ignominiously bought out by Reed. But, you see, it wasn't his fault, it was all the nasty men in suits.

Something of the same air of complacency hangs over Jeremy Lewis' newly published memoir, *Kindred Spirits* (HarperCollins £17.99 — an ironic choice of publisher) in which Lewis takes positive pride in having published books that made no one any money and hence led to his ending up in the cold. Splendid fellows, Sir Serious and Jeremy Lewis, who can take credit for some genuinely first-class writing making it into hard covers, but, alas, can also take credit for the genuinely third-rate accountants making it into publishing.

■ MOORS murderer Myra Hindley's biography, *The Other Side of The Coin*, was slammed recently by the *News of the World*. The tabloid boasted it was breaking a confidentiality agreement to reveal details of just how sick the book is — "in the public interest", of course.

Murdoch's hacks went to town with the gory details of the "horror book" and the article finished with the mother of one of Hindley's victims saying: "I don't want this book to be published... Hindley's actions aren't something people should be making money out of."

The article finished on a self-righteous note proclaiming: "No one wants her blood money."

Fair enough. Except what the *Screws* failed to mention was that Hindley's agent, John Sutton, claims to have been in deep negotiations with its sister publishing house HarperCollins... to buy the lucrative rights to the "sick" book. This can't be true, can it?

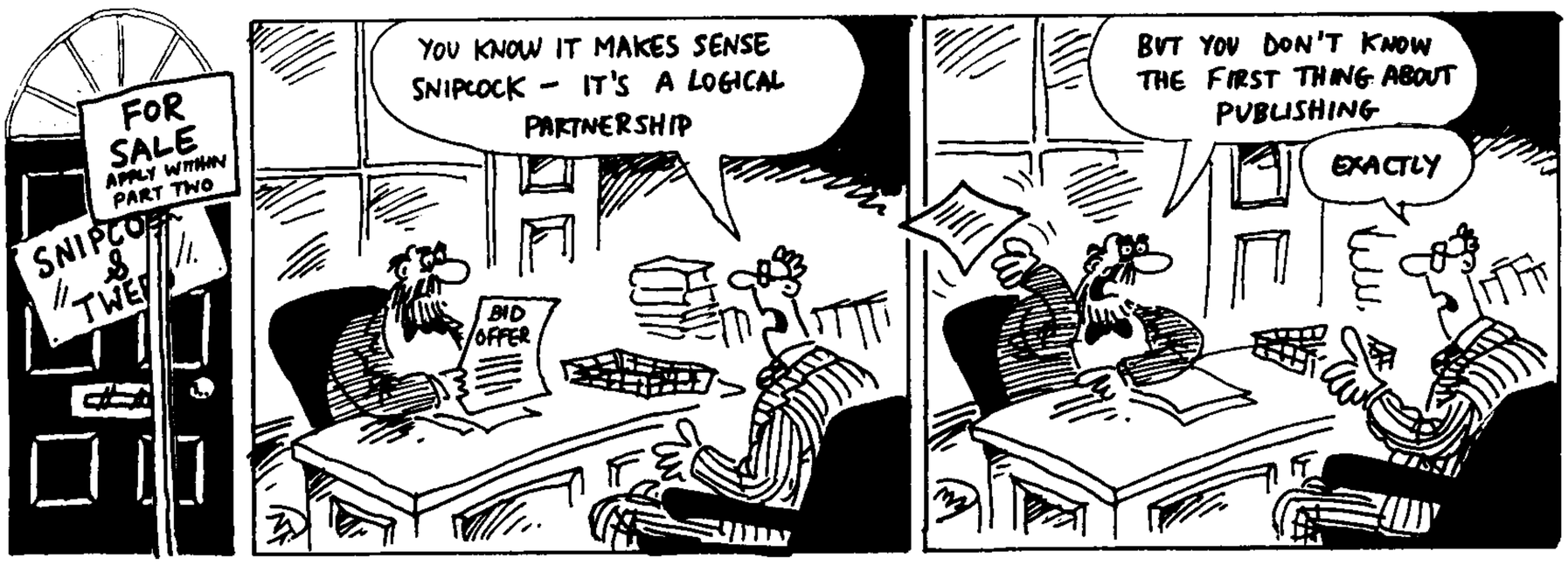
☐ *IT IS nice that Penguin is celebrating its 60th birthday having issued 60 little books, each priced 60p, and that the likes of Marcus Aurelius, Anaïs Non (sic) and Sigmund Freud are dominating the paperback bestsellers lists.*

Nevertheless the success of the wee books at such a throwaway price has to be a further nail in Penguin's coffin — and in the coffin of the British book trade as presently dysfunctioning. Penguin was forced by Wordsworth Editions into publishing magisterial classics at £1, rendering their full price classics, bolstered with critical apparatus, dangerously expensive.

If books can now be sold at 60p, who dares whinge about the rising price of paper? And why can they not be sold at 50p? Surely Tim Hely Hutchinson's Sceptre or NEL imprints can oblige?

■ WHAT is it about the initials RCB and the book trade? The reverend Richard Cohen, Lord Archer's chaplain, has been complaining to friends that the last *Eye* speculated that Reed Consumer Books could become, if the management buyout works, Richard Charkin Books... whereas he sees the future of the Reed Elsevier group as Richard Cohen Books.

'Bookworm'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footnotes

AITKEN'S CD PAST: 2

SWEET CHAMPERTY

***THE STORY SO FAR*: In 1986 Jonathan Aitken MP, his cousin Tim and his accountant Michael Scorey were all directors of a firm called Beaverbrook Investments, which took out a mortgage on all the assets of Oasis Merchandising.**

Oasis planned to sell CDs, tapes, batteries and other goods in motorway outlets. In 1987 Beaverbrook directors put Oasis into receivership owing £700,000. The only secured creditor was, er, Beaverbrook Investments.

The official receiver and his staff were shocked at the treatment of the other creditors. They circulated a report on possible fraudulent trading by Beaverbrook. The document was discussed at length at a high-level meeting at the serious fraud office (SFO). The meeting decided there was not enough evidence to prosecute, and suggested instead an immediate application to the courts to disqualify the Aitkens from being directors. The suggestion went up to DTI ministers, and perhaps even higher, and was mysteriously lost in the mists of Whitehall.

NOW READ ON... The other creditors of Oasis were furious that they had lost their money. They were mainly very small businesses, but they did include some substantial firms. Duracell, for instance, had supplied Oasis with about £50,000 worth of batteries and lost the lot. Kodak had lost about the same in rolls of film that hadn't been paid for; and the Berkshire-based company 3M had lost about £30,000 in unpaid videos.

These three firms were represented on a committee of six set up by the creditors to try to get their money back. They clubbed together to pay for a barrister's opinion as to whether they could sue the Beaverbrook directors personally for their money. Yes, said the barrister, they certainly could. The case, however, was likely to be expensive and none of the creditors was prepared to finance it. The liquidator, Barry Ward, now of Pannel, Kerr and Foster in Worcester, searched for funds. He did a deal with a City firm called London Wall Litigation Services, which agreed to put up the money for the case in return for a slice of the loot if the creditors won. This seemed standard practice in an insolvency case, and in October 1991, in the high court, Mr Registrar Pimm gave permission for the case to go ahead.

The case, needless to say, would have been extremely embarrassing for the ambitious MP, who in April 1992 joined John Major's government as minister for defence procurement and in July 1994 rocketed into the cabinet as chief secretary to the treasury.

Desperate to stop the case, the Aitkens counter-sued the liquidator alleging that the deal he had struck with London Wall Litigation was illegal. They relied on an ancient common law concept called "champerty" whereby an action maintained by a third party can be knocked out if that third party has a share in the spoils. This problem seemed to be covered by the insolvency act 1986 which expressly allows liquidators to use the property of the bust company to finance actions on behalf of the creditors.

The complicated case finally came quietly to court earlier this year. Jonathan Aitken had a QC and junior. So did his cousin Tim. So did Michael Scorey. On 7 June, Mr Justice Robert Walker came up with the remarkable judgment that the "fruits of claims" against company directors are not the property of the company, and that therefore the financing of the case against the Aitkens by a third party was "objectionable", "champertous" and "void".

Poor Mr Ward told his creditors that they could not get their money back. Jonathan "Houdini" Aitken, who had escaped from so many desperate situations in the past — Slater Walker, TV-am, Aitken Hume, BMARC — had got clean away once again.

■ **JONATHAN AITKEN has been sensitive about libel for nearly 20 years.**

In 1976 his expensive City lawyers Frere Cholmeley wrote a series of angry letters to the weekly *Socialist Worker*. They whined that an article about Aitken's profit from buying and selling shares in a firm called Lamont Holdings (*sic*) was "a bitter and unjustifiable attack on our client, wrongly imputing that he engaged in insider trading".

Frere Cholmeley had a simple explanation. "The shares," they pointed out, "were recommended to our client by newspaper articles and an acquaintance." The hacks on *Socialist Worker* just couldn't find any reference to Lamont Holdings in the newspapers before Aitken bought his shares. They wrote asking for details. Frere Cholmeley replied testily: "Our client kept no record of the relevant articles and he has no intention of making known to our clients the identity of the acquaintance to whom he referred."

There was no apology, no damages and the matter was dropped.

NOTTS LANDING

■ **ALL good stories end happily and the amazing tale of the Nottingham clinic for alcoholics — illegally set up with the help of £1.8 million of public money from the Nottingham health authority — is no exception.**

The deal was exposed in the *Eye* two years ago. Nottingham health authority had paid over the money to the clinic after being warned by the government that it had no powers to do so, and it had to break its connection with the clinic when the district auditor finally denounced the deal.

The mastermind behind the clinic was Nottingham property king Bob Beckett, who revealed to the *Eye* (2 July 1993) that his company got £50,000 a year from the Priory Hospital group, one of the biggest private hospital combines in the country.

Now for that happy ending. Dr Ian Reynolds, chief executive of the Nottingham health authority for the last three years, is changing jobs. He is to become managing director of the acute psychiatric division for a private health firm. Can you guess its name? I think you can: the Priory Hospital Group.

Uncle Tom's Snubbin'

■ **WHY did Sir Thomas Arnold, Tory MP for Hazelgrove, support John Redwood in the Tory leadership election?**

Arnold has one of the smallest majorities in the country (929), so obviously didn't want to rock the boat. But he had good reason to be irritated by John Major and his new deputy Michael Heseltine.

Sir Thomas is chairman of the Commons treasury and civil service commitee. He was rather shocked by some of the reports to the committee during its recent investigation of self-regulation at Lloyd's of London. Mr James Baird, a former Lloyd's broker and members' agent who has spent nine months on full-time investigation at Lloyd's, produced a formidable set of documents to show what the *Eye* has been banging on about for two years now: that by 1980 the men in charge of Lloyd's knew perfectly well they would soon be faced with enormous losses on asbestos and pollution claims, and recruited thousands of rich suckers to meet the claims.

The committee agreed not to include this material in its main report but unanimously approved an important recommendation (par 79): "The evidence suggests that there is a need for a wider investigation of events at Lloyd's which would go beyond the order of reference of this committee."

Sir Thomas was dispatched to 10 Downing Street to seek such an inquiry. Major packed him off to the department of trade where Michael Heseltine told him an inquiry into Lloyd's would "not be appropriate at this stage" (or at any other stage for that matter). The snub helped shift Sir Tom's long-standing and legendary allegiance to his leader.

PS: Heseltine's successor at the Board of Trade, Ian Lang, will do nothing at all about Lloyd's. He is still an underwriter there, and so must "stand aside" from all Lloyds matters, passing the buck to junior ministers.

WELL PROTECTED: Keith Court

COURT IN THE ACT

IT HAS been a rotten month for the image of South West Water, the private water monopoly with the highest charges in the country.

First came a series of cut-offs in the worst heat of the summer when the reservoirs were still brimming. The *Eye* asked how many people had been cut off, for how long and why. South West Water replied: "This is not uncommon throughout England and Wales for isolated communities on high ground or at the end of long lengths of pipework during times of extreme demand."

Then came the news from the monopolies and mergers commission (MMC) that water charge increases should be limited to 1 percent above inflation. Then, worst of all, there was WATER RAT, a huge "exclusive" in the News of the World about Bill Fraser, South West Water's married managing director, and his affair with an office worker his company had made redundant.

All the signs are, however, that the directors are pulling through. To start with they've paid themselves much more: chairman Keith Court goes up from £152,000 to £164,000 and "Romeo" Bill Fraser is up from £150,000 to £217,000.

That's not *all* of course. Fraser pays himself £18,000 extra to cover health insurance and cars. On top of that the directors have helped themselves to another huge tranche of share options: Fraser and Court got 10,000 each bringing their total to 116,000 and 113,000. Most of these can be "exercised" (ie bought and sold at gigantic profits) any time from next year.

Even better news for the directors is the company's expensive purchase of the "waste management" activities of Blue Circle, the huge cement combine. Eight Blue Circle landfill dumps, valued last year at £11 million, have been bought by South West Water for £67 million. SWW chairman Keith Court has a sentimental attachment to Blue Circle where he was chief executive from 1983 to 1987. The *Eye* asked South West Water if Mr Court had any difficulty with a possible conflict of interest in view of his long association with Blue Circle. The company replied testily that its chairman "was not involved in any waste management" at Blue Circle and "no members of the present Blue Circle board were members when Mr Court served on it". South West Water then confessed that Mr Court has 4,000 shares in Blue Circle Industries, but "there has been absolutely no conflict of interest".

Hard-pressed water ratepayers in Devon and Cornwall are puzzled by the deal with Blue Circle, whose landfill rubbish dumps have led to angry protests from environmental campaigners. At Stone, near Dartford in Kent, a methane leak led to an explosion in a kitchen in a neighbouring house. A mighty wave of opposition has temporarily engulfed Blue Circle's proposals for a new giant 20 million cubic metre dump at Magheramorne on the Antrim coast.

How can such a purchase, ask the South West Water ratepayers, improve the environmental record of South West Water, who poisoned

RICH AND RATTY: Bill Fraser

the water supply at Camelford and are currently filling St Ives Bay with all the shit in the peninsular? The directors reply that their board can hardly fail in this area since it includes the invaluable expertise of Sir Geoffrey Chipperfield KCB, former permanent secretary at the DoE's Property Services Agency.

Nor are the directors too worried about the odd word of criticism in local editorials. Local television, they boast, has been very helpful. This has nothing to do with the fact that 20 per cent of West Country Television is owned by South West Water.

JAILHOUSE BLOCK

GENERAL LEARMONT AND FRIEND

■ IN THE panic following the escapes from Whitemoor prison last year, home secretary Michael Howard set up "a comprehensive review of security in prisons throughout England and Wales".

In charge was General Sir John Learmont and Sir John Woodcock, former chief inspector of constabulary. The team was expected to produce something nice and safe for Howard to endorse gloatingly at this year's Tory party conference.

The report, the *Eye* understands, is almost ready. It *is* nice and safe, by all accounts. But there's a nasty catch. Apparently the general is not very impressed by prison privatisation — and says so. The Learmont report, the *Eye* confidently predicts, will not appear anywhere until *after* the Tory party conference in October.

Hamilton Diabolical

■ WILLIAM HAGUE, the "boy wonder" secretary of state for Wales, must make up his mind soon about an oil company's blatant snub to the government's pollution inspectors.

As part of the feverish "dash for gas" which wrecked the coal industry (including a pit at Point of Ayr), Hamilton Oil, a subsidiary of the big Australian-based oil combine BHP, decided to build a vast terminal which would extract natural gas from Liverpool bay, store it, process it and send it up the coast to the new Powergen gas-fired power station at Connahs Quay.

Despite the low number of new jobs (about 40), Clwyd county council was in favour of the project and so was Delyn district council. Relations between leading councillors and Hamilton Oil have always been excellent. When the oil company booked a block of seats at the recent Eisteddfod in Llangollen, they were specially pleased to entertain Clwyd county councillors, notably Denis Parry, council leader, and Paul Roberts, head of economic development.

At the public inquiry into the proposals a number of experts and the councillor for the area, Patrick Heeson, argued angrily against the terminal. They claimed that any building so near the workings of a pit would be unstable; and that the desulphuring process would pollute the entire area. As building started, similar reservations were expressed by the pollution inspectors (HMIP), who insisted that discussions should continue with them at every stage of design and construction.

The company took no notice and blithely built the terminal at a cost of about £250 million. Now the inevitable has happened. In a stiff letter to the company, HMIP complains about serious dangers of air pollution from the sulphur process, defects in building design, total lack of communication with the regulator and "little thought to the environmental protection act".

The letter concludes: "We therefore cannot accept certain aspects of the design as we consider them not to be in accordance with the law — we cannot accept the *fait accompli* which you have faced us with." HMIP authorization was therefore refused with a reminder that "it will, if course, be illegal for you to commence plant operation including commissioning".

JOCK STRAPPED

■ THE Government's decision to throw £40 million of public money at a vast new private hospital near Glasgow open only to rich patients from abroad, but now in receivership, was inspired by advice from the Scottish Development Advisory Board.

This is a group of important people "who appear to the Secretary of State to have wide experience of, and to have shown capacity in, industry, banking, accountancy and finance".

Among the experienced businessmen who met in 1988 to consider the application for taxpayers' money for the ludicrous project was Duncan J. Macleod, a prominent Scottish accountant. Poor Mr Macleod had to leave the meeting when the hospital application came up. His firm were paid advisers to the private hospital company, Health Care International.

HCI got the money anyway.

You can write to Paul Foot at 6 Carlisle Street, London W1V 5RG, or leave a message for him on 0171 287 3183

In the City

You cannot hope
To bribe or twist
Thank God! the financial journalist.
But seeing what
Such men will do
Unbribed, there's no occasion to.

THIS assessment – with apologies to Humbert Wolfe – of Britain's finest from the world of City pages is reinforced by recent events which illustrate the sorry state of financial journalism in the 90s.

First came the departure (a sad loss for Eye readers) of *Sunday Times* City editor Jeff Randall for the well-heeled pastures of public relations and a "package" from Financial Dynamics put at £200,000 a year. A move which makes Randall a full-time instead of part-time PR man. Now he can write the press releases instead of just printing them.

Randall is being replaced by none other than John Jay of the *Sunday Hansongraph*. So how appropriate that on Randall's last Sunday (30 July) in charge both men should have the same "scoop" — that Hanson was to make an agreed bid for the Eastern electricity group, duly announced the next morning. Naturally Jay's "scoop" was more authoritative, but Hanson PR Lowe Bell ensured old friend Jeff was not left out. Proof positive that the Friday night-Saturday morning drop lives — as if it ever died.

And then there is that other *Eye* favourite, *Daily Mail* deputy City editor Michael Walters, who in addition to writing about shares in which he has an interest has taken to boosting (3 August) video pirate Paul Levinson's latest stock market bubble.

It used to be, before City editors were paid the top salaries they command today, that the exit door led to the corridors of power inside merchant banks. Only the tabloid City hacks tended to end up in PR. But now the divide between much of what passes for financial journalism and financial public relations has become all but invisible. For many financial hacks, PR men are their only sources. A factor which explains why, especially with the Sundays, the same story will often run in three or more of the five serious business sections. How easy it is therefore to move from catching to pitching.

Then there is the slow seduction of too close a proximity to the rich. Courtesy of their PR men, captains of industry are only too willing to cosy up to City editors. Sampling the sybaritic lifestyle of pools, country mansions, sunny villas and yachts that goes with the chairman's £1 million-a-year lot can do dreadful things to the greedy glands.

And as the ranks of those accepting the PR pound swell, so the impact of those paid to lie, dissemble and hype grows. The more newspapers come to rely on the PR feed, the less they bite the helpful hand. It is no accident that Robert Maxwell, Asil Nadir, Ernest Saunders and George Walker were able to take the City for a ride. They all found journalists only too eager to accept their hospitality and their propaganda.

But then astute City operators, beginning with "Changi" Jim Slater, quickly learned how to use the City pages. A tip that "Jim's in" dutifully peddled by a grateful hack enabled Jim to be out. And reliance on a City icon as a source makes it all the more difficult for the hack to turn from fan to foe when unpleasant facts emerge.

And every City editor is a fan. Among Randall's faves were busted flushes Gerald Ronson and John Gunn, plus such dubious heroes as Michael Ashcroft and Philip Green and outright crooks like Roger Levitt. Jay has been somewhat up-market in his adulation, preferring more worthy subjects such as Maxwell, Gunn, Gerald Ratner and, most of all, Lord Hanson.

Which explains why the Eastern bid came as no surprise, like most Hanson moves, to *Sunday Telegraph* readers. It also helps explain why the next Sunday (6 August) Mrs Jay, aka Judy Bevan, devoted a whole page to a eulogy of the predatory peer illustrated with a painting of the great man. Oh, and Hanson was also Jay's pick for share of the year, despite being a persistent poor performer.

Meanwhile over at the *Daily Mail* Michael Walters, whose favourites have included Slater and Nadir, now seems to have added the much more down market Paul Levinson to his list. "Levinson's bid to make Hay shine," he wrote revealing a move into tiny "shell" Hay & Robertson. "Watch for action," was the enthusiastic Walters's message.

What he did not say was that Levinson has a long record of involvement in deals whereby he benefits and the buyers get burned. Booker McConnell and Gerald Ronson are two who came to regret doing business with Levinson.

None of which has deterred Walters from tipping record company Tring International from which the Levinson interests cashed in £11 million when it was floated last year. Tring has been the subject of *Mail* "puffs" twice this year. Despite this the shares have slid to 102p compared with the 118p issue price and the 124p at which Walters tipped them in April 1994.

Curiously no mention of Tring sullied the Walters item on Hay & Robertson. But then neither was there any reference to enjoying Levinson's hospitality at Wimbledon a few weeks ago. Doubtless because that was someone who looked like the *Mail* scribe who has never been to Wimbledon never mind enjoyed any Levinson hospitality.

NEXT move in the "Save Nick Leeson" campaign is expected to be his appearance on TV, radio and newspaper page pleading his case to be allowed the luxury of a short spell in Her Majesty's Ford Academy of Fraud rather than being sent back to face the sadists of Singapore. His true confessions will need to be broadcast soon as his wife Lisa's tear-jerking tales from the tearoom will soon have exhausted every possible media outlet.

Faced by the barrage of hype orchestrated by the Singapore spiv's lawyer and PR man, the Serious Farce Office has moved to avoid the corner it was fast being painted into by refusing to see Leeson. Now it will see him but will still do nothing unless the German courts decide not to extradite Leeson to Singapore.

No doubt Leeson will be interviewed under caution and will, so we are promised, make a full and frank confession to a variety of alleged offences in Britain — alleged not because he did not do them but because they were probably not legally committed here. Just how much use that will be should the Germans decline to extradite remains to be seen.

For if the Singaporean request is rejected Leeson could be free to continue the flight home that was interrupted in March. Once here he would not need any deal with the SFO, could renounce any admissions and put the SFO to prove that he committed any offence in Britain.

Whether the SFO could mount a request for his extradition before he was let go is another question. However, no legal proceedings would be necessary if they did. Leeson could waive extradition and return voluntarily — the course chosen by such notables as Tony Parnes and Terry Ramsden when they tired of foreign jails.

But once "Loadsamoney" was back in Britain why should he volunteer for even time in Ford by continuing to keep his hands up for the SFO — unless Singapore could apply to extradite Leeson from here if there is a knock back in Germany. And if he escaped prosecution here as well as Singapore who would be blamed? Certainly not those MPs and journalists who now campaign on the Singapore spiv's behalf.

ARROWS finance group chief Muhammed Naviede was jailed last month for nine years for victimising the international banks who loaned him £125 million. However, it seems that certain of those banks' officials, particularly from the largest loser, Barings' Dutch rescuer ING, were only too willing to enjoy Naviede's generous hospitality.

It is suggested that there were very close social connections between senior ING officials and Naviede. Trips to Legoland in Denmark on Naviede's private jet are mentioned. Also involvement with his Young Company of the Year Award. Certainly it seems that ING quickly moved all those closest to the Arrows account after it crashed in 1991.

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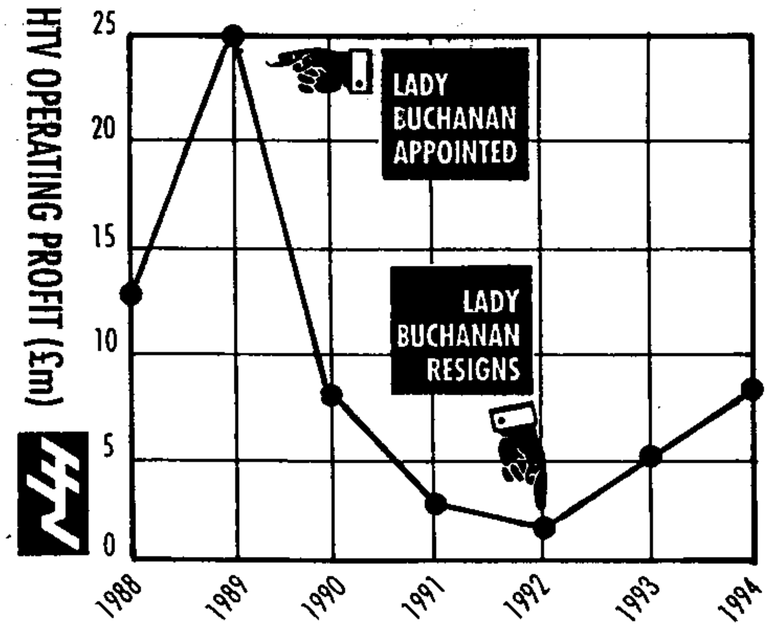

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1990	£8.2m	1993	£5.3m
		1994	£8.1m

THE DIRECTORS

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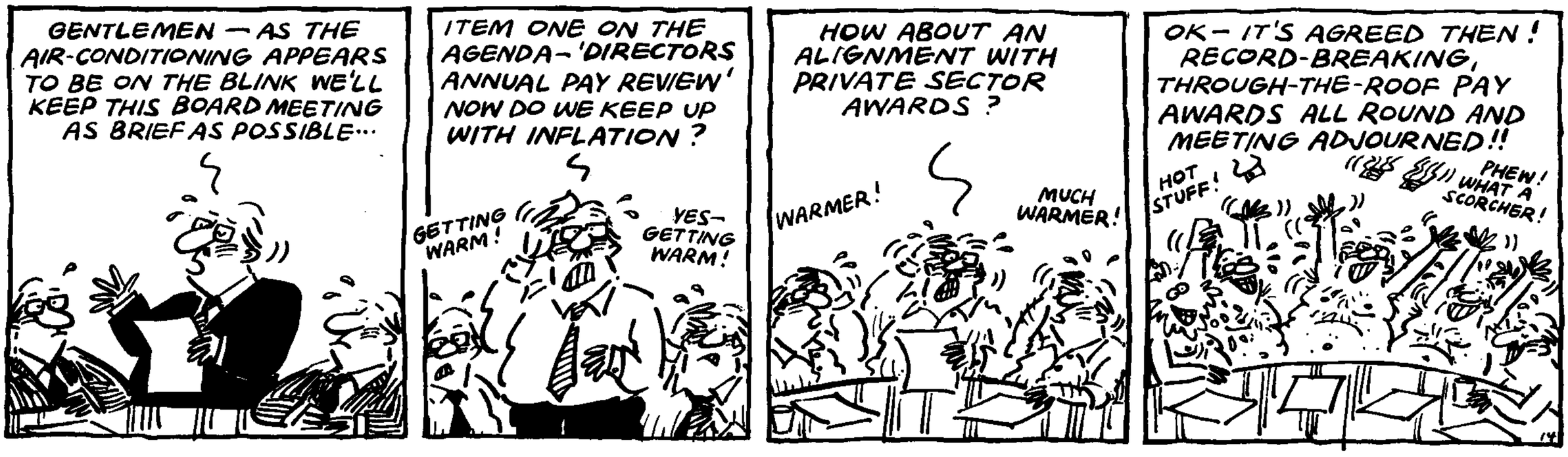
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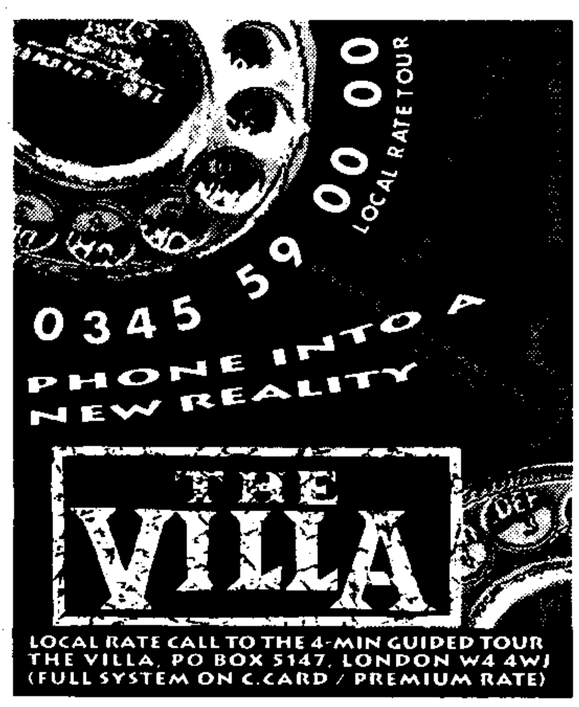
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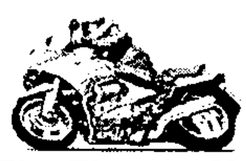

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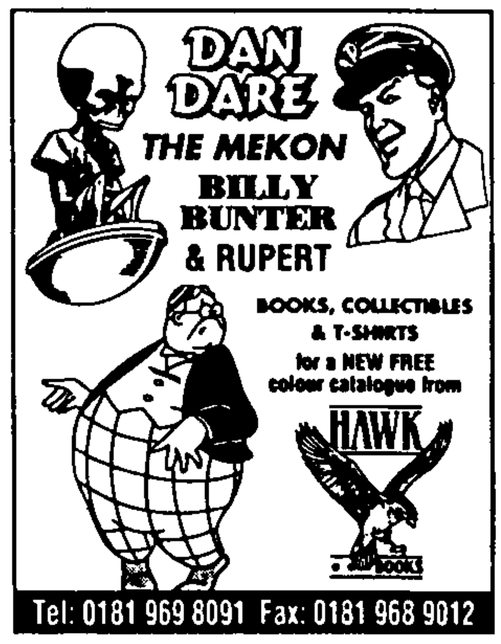

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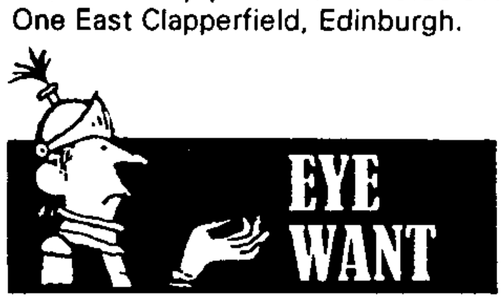

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MELLORS THE GARDENER seeks unattached "Lady Chatterley" to celebrate Summer and "do nature". Photo please. Box 2478.

GLOUCESTERSHIRE, ATYPICAL professional male 42, Public School, Oxbridge, eclectic interests, successful, caring, creative, tactile, very bright, witty, very GSOH, articulate, tall, slim, sexy green eyes, good looking, good in bed, so I'm told! WLTM similar, or at least compatible (ideally local, but I/we can travel!) female. Preferably n/s, fun, slim, very sensual, 30ish-42ish, for stimulating friendship and reciprocally stimulating sex. Fed up with Bozos? Want to receive and give warmth, laughter and sincerity, with someone who has so much to give? Then please reply — photo appreciated. No Oiks or Sloanes. Box 5178.

NAUGHTY BUT NICE Girl Friday sought to accompany professional, slim, fit male, 49, GSOH, on expenses-paid trip to West Indian island 16-30 September. Bristol/Gloucestershire/Hereford & Worcester. Photo appreciated. Box 5278.

BUCKS-BASED BEAUTY 60s hippy chick, now early 40s and successful businesswoman who still likes to explore. Seeking like-minded soulmate interested in starting a family. Photo appreciated, write with phone number. Box 1578.

GOLDILOCKS seeks big bear (Type A personality, romantic, solvent, GSOH) for fun and games in the woods. Box 1678.

MALE 43, average looks, senior partner in a management consultancy practice and aspiring sheep farmer, heaps of responsibilities, would like to be irresponsible, (before drinking too much armagnac or forgetting what a real relationship is), with an interesting female London/Midlands and a minor adventure/distraction from the daily demands, or just an evening, exchanging views on the elusive quality of life. Tact and discretion is assured. Box 1778.

GENTLEMAN 5'6", mature, n/s professional, caring, WLTM. Quiet female for long holiday, South France villa soon. Box 1878.

SUCCESSFUL INTERNATIONAL businessman bachelor, 50s, living in Knightsbridge, seeks sophisticated elegant lady in her late 20s who can wine and dine at Annabels yet laugh at the rain inside a leaking tent on safari at Mt. Kilimanjaro. I also hope you have an adventurous personality, are fond of animals, museums, books, long walks and champagne. Photo please. Box 3377.

TALL DARK MAN, 35, educated, genuine, happy, kind, very successful...and modest seeks similar younger attractive woman who's naughty and nice. Oxon. Box 3278.

PETITE BLONDE graduate, 30, seeks single, gentle man for wining and dining in London and Paris. Box 3378.

WOMAN 50+ would like some fun with man, working body, fine mind, non-smoker, no lies. South Wales. Box 3478.

CITY BROKER is looking for female around 40 to have fun with in London or the Home Counties. Must have SOH and like wining and dining. Box 3578.

MALE 30, easy going, caring, seeks intelligent female company for laughs, friendship and hopefully much more. Box 3678.

HAS MORAL PANIC destroyed our sense of fun and adventure? Professional Asian, 33, seeks to know. Iron John type: into creativity, laughter, poetry and everything that makes us more alive. How about a discreet indiscretion? E. Midlands. Box 3078.

AUSTIN REED, well-travelled, with diverse interests, seeks unusual Jane Norman with a wicked sense of fun to make me Hyper Hyper (or even Alexandra). Box 3178.

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GOODLOOKING, CREATIVE divorced older woman requires male equivalent. Exchange photos. Midlands area. Box 2678.

UNCONVENTIONAL blue-stocking (38), recently separated, seeks distraction in the arms of an original intelligent older man. Box 2778.

MALE 53, smoker, seeks buxom female wearing lycra underwear and tight clothes. Possible live-in as housewife if desired. Photo appreciated. London. Box 2878.

DISCOVERY OF WIFE'S affair leads this attractive, professional man, 38, to reassess life and vows. Any sensuous, emotionally generous woman seeking caring, stimulating part-time relationship should send letter and photo forthwith. Box 2978.

BRAZEN HUSSY in stockings! Stylish, slender lady seeks a touch of decadence in well-groomed, attractive, amusing man, 50ish. York area. Box 3778.

GORGEOUS TOYBOY/ old git, 35, seeks mature temptress/young dolly for discreet fun. Box 3878.

GENTLE, SINCERE contemplative male, 31, n/s, gsoh, seeks similar female to share his life. Interests: cinema, arts, walks, evenings out. Photo appreciated. Box 3978.

MALE 25 seeks wild woman. Anything considered. Shock me. Box 4078.

ATTRACTIVE, BLONDE writer, young 40, London house, Dorset roots, likes ball gowns, wit, wildlife, motorbikes, kindness; needs a good, educated man, under 43. Musician, artist, hippy medic, hack, Celtic farmer, eco-campaigner, orchard-owner? Box 4178.

SOLVENT FEMALE 47, fit, n/s, GSOH, cat-lover, enjoys long walks, mountain air and sitting under the stars. Seeks similar single, intelligent male for friendship, relaxed evenings. London/Herts. Box 4578.

PROFESSIONAL MALE 33, 6'2", intelligent, independent, works too hard, seeks feisty female for distraction and whatever turns up. Box 4678.

RENAISSANCE ROGUE, 31, seeks sunny, sensual siren for carefree caresses and conversation. Box 4778.

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TALL MAN, 30, fit, emotionally articulate, passionate, professional, loyal, seeks woman slim, n/s, 18-40, for intense, spiritual, long-term relationship. Ring 0660 206566

IF YOU ARE a professional man aged between 35/40, who is happiest in a great relationship with a woman, well it could happen. Ring 0660 205772

TALL, AMUSING, ATTRACTIVE, successful, cultured man, 40, seeks a younger woman, for lazy summer days and hot nights. For some real fun and excitement. Ring 0660 205198

STRAIGHT MUSIC LOVING female, professional, 24 based in SE London wants to venture out more. Any suggestions? Ring 0660 205434

ATTRACTIVE, ARTICULATE, caring male, 32, gsoh, enjoys music, books, socialising. Seeks woman, slim, lively, attractive, intelligent, with social conscience, to share mutual respect, fun/friendship. Ring 0660 206144

LOOKING FOR A MAN? then why not try our new Library Line service. To listen to a selection of past, present and even future male Opening Lines advertisers, just dial this number. Ring 0660 204222

ATTRACTIVE EDINBURGH female, 24, seeks male to distract her and free her from constraints of day job Ring 0660 206981

FROG SEEKS PRINCESS, professional graduate male, 29, slim, 5ft 6in, seeks similar attractive female for happy everafter, interests include walking, motor cycling, skiing, cinema and music. Ring 0660 205599

INTELLIGENT, FRIENDLY FEMALE, 33. Seeks a rock steady guy with a gsoh for a truly platonic friendship, to share social interests. Ring 0660 205391

ATTRACTIVE, SUCCESSFUL, professional, man, 42, seeks intelligent, lovely lady, 30-40, for evenings out, and evenings in. Ring 0660 205565

MAGICAL, PRETTY, FEMALE journalist, spirited, fit and slim, gsoh, 40, seeks blue eyed, handsome, successful businessman or male graduate. Ring 0660 206209

ENJOY THE SUMMER. Interesting guy, 36, lots to offer. Seeks positive woman to share sun, fun, and life. Ring 0660 205989

ELIZABETH TAYLOR LOOKALIKE, Management consultant, former classical pianist, seeks professional male, 30-55, who is adventurous, compassionate, driven, for mutual laughter and hatred of mediocrity. Ring 0660 205726

TALL, ACTIVE, ENTREPRENEURIAL and intelligent man, 62, seeks meaningful relationship with woman in her 40s. Interests: art, music, theatre, walking, food, travel. Ring 0660 205330

WILLY RUSTON FAN, energetic, charismatic, winsome, successful, 40s, big softy. You are genuinely attractive, interesting, 35-45, independent lady. Beds/Herts/Cambs area. Ring 0660 206685

CALIFORNIAN/ENGLISH WOMAN, travels back and forth, blonde, slim, fit, fun, intellectual, spiritual, 45, film, music, seeks special man, 35-42, caring, considerate, intelligent and successful. Ring 0660 207926

COOKING FOR TWO, theatre, opera, jazz, open spaces. Male, 29, occasionally acerbic soh, seeks slightly disorganised lady, 24-30, to spend time with. Ring 0660 205547

JUST ARRIVED FROM AMERICA, attractive, professional, lively woman, seeks male friend for exploring London. Interests are music, arts, travel, clubbing. Gsoh essential. Romance? Let's see! Ring 0660 204210

ATTRACTIVE MAN, 28, professional, graduate, warm, caring, witty, adventurous, tall, fit, Nice derrière, etc., seeks an intelligent, attractive woman Ring 0660 205072

DEFINITELY EXCEPTIONAL woman, 40 but doesn't act like it, very successful, very brainy, but also very attractive, blonde, sexy, slim, with huge warmth. Ring 0660 206652

EMOTIONALLY, ARTISTICALLY, intellectually alive. Unconventional guy, 46. Ex performing arts, contemporary University dropout, avant garde, seeks younger, or older female lover, maybe more. Ring 0660 206273

A SWEET THING with much, in the heavenly form of a 44 year old divorcee, seeks a virile, solvent, intelligent gent, who appreciates the finer things in life for fun filled times. Men under 40 need not apply. Ring 0660 205570

LONDON BASED, STATUESQUE, humorous, Teddy-bear man, early 40s, classical musician, seeks plain, lovely, whimsical, educated, sensuous, one-off woman (30-45), NOT blessed with issue, for inimitable evenings in (and out). Ring 0660 204256

CHAIN SMOKING, WINE guzzling, professional woman, 27, likes smoking and drinking. Seeks similar professional man, 30-40, with a pulse and bank balance. Ring 0660 205604

OLDIE, NOW CELIBATE, three veering 63, female graduate, loves in walking in the park, conversation on everything, arts, politics, laughter, friendship, seeks similar man. Ring 0660 204177

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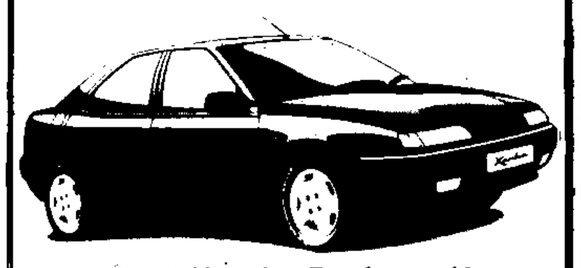

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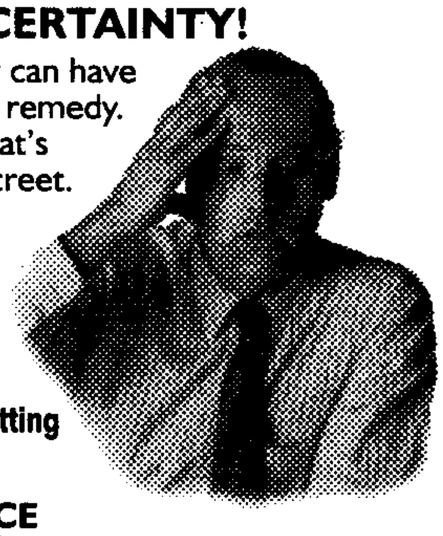

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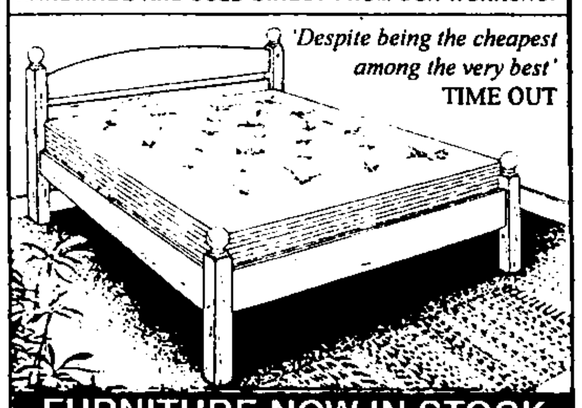

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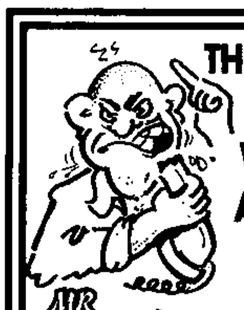

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Please complete in block capitals

1. Mr ❒ Mrs ❒ Ms ❒

Surname:_____

First Name:_____

Address:_____

_____

_____ Post Code:_____

Tel No._____

I am seriously interested in meeting someone through Dateline.

2. Personal Information

Marital Status: Single ❒ Divorced ❒

Widowed ❒ Separated ❒

Religion:_____

Age:_____

Place of Birth:_____

Do you have children of your own?

Yes ❒ No ❒

If yes, how many live with you?_____

3. Your personal details

Height:_____

Build: slight ❒ medium ❒ large ❒

Hair colour:_____

Dress/Looks: casual ❒ fashionable ❒ elegant ❒ sporty ❒

4. Your work

Present job:_____

Self-employed ❒ employed ❒

civil servant ❒ manual worker ❒

part-time ❒ not working ❒

unemployed ❒ in-training ❒

Schooling

O levels / GCSE's ❒ A levels ❒

Further Education ❒ Polytechnic ❒

University ❒ Business School ❒

Other:_____

5. Your Personality

❒ Warmhearted	❒ Fashionable
❒ Serious	❒ Practical
❒ Considerate	❒ Conventional
❒ Shy	❒ Reliable
❒ Romantic	❒ Adventurous

6. How would people who know you best describe you?

❒ always ready for a joke
❒ somewhat dreamy
❒ never has problems
❒ takes life a bit too seriously
❒ not easily upset
❒ always active
❒ chatty

7. Your interests

❒ Wining/Dining	❒ Jazz/Folk music
❒ Pubs	❒ Classical music
❒ Sports/Keep fit	❒ Theatre/Arts
❒ Politics/History	❒ Watching TV
❒ Reading	❒ Smoking
❒ Travelling	❒ Drinking
❒ Science/Tech	❒ Children
❒ Cinema	❒ Homemaking
❒ Pets/Animals	❒ Gardening
❒ Pop music	❒ Countryside

8. Details of the partner you would like:

Minimum age:___ Maximum age:_____

Height: min._____ max._____ Don't mind ❒

Children?

Yes, at home ❒ Yes, living elsewhere ❒

None ❒

Marital status: Single ❒ Divorced ❒

Widowed ❒ Separated ❒

Don't mind ❒

9. Which of the three pictures do you prefer? (tick the box)

Dept. PE44

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